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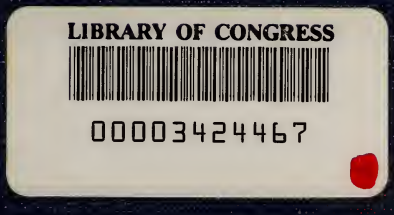

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE MOHAWKS;

A

SATIRICAL POEM

WITH

NOTES.

" Quid faciant leges ubi sola pecunia regnat
" Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest ?
" Ipsi qui cynica traducunt tempora cæna
" Nonnunquam nummis vendere verba solent ;
" Ergo judicium nihil est nisi publica merces
" Atque eques in causâ qui sedet, empta probat."

Petronius Arbiter.

" The Stagyrite's dull rules in vain were made,
" Since critics now give judgment—as they're paid.
" Our self-denying saints with truth make bold,
" And prize all doctrines only—as they're sold.
" While Justice' self leans lightly on the scribe,
" Who libels—*on the right side*—for a bribe."

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" For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect information of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being), who have lately erected themselves into a fraternity, under the title of the Mohawk-Club, a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them.

" Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members."—*Spectator.*

" Quelques pamphlétaires obscurs associés à des spéculateurs avides, vendaient leurs plumes pour servir bassement toutes les passions haineuses et honteuses; l'esprit de parti et l'esprit de cupidité s'emparaient d'un moyen facile d'exploiter,—la curiosité et la méchanceté des hommes; et les réputations les plus honorables étaient livrées sans défense aux traits empoisonnés de la calomnie."

" Une déplorable impunité encourageait les éditeurs de ces productions monstrueuses; et quoique elles fussent justement signalées à l'opinion, comme indignes de toute croyance, elles trouvaient souvent accès auprès d'un certain nombre d'hommes.

" Dans ces honteux monumens de la licence et de la perversité humaines, le crime puissant est seul protégé par des ménagemens officieux, ou même il est erigé en vertu. Le mérite modeste et solitaire, la vertu indépendante courageuse, qui n'appartiennent à aucun parti, à aucune coterie, mais à la justice, à la verité, à la patrie, sont abreuvés de calomnies et d'outrages."—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The reader is requested to correct with his pen the following

ERRATA:

Page	line			
5	2	*for*	e'er	*read* e'en
10	4		nation.	nation,
20	8		wing'd	wigg'd
68	12		nobility	ability
—	14		ability	nobility
80	7		There	Their
88	6		two	too
111	4		nobility	mobility
132	3		quai	guai

Note 87* *forgotten, page* 106.

This invocation of a Catholic saint by a Protestant, may startle the reader; but the worthy divine had probably an eye to Acre's "oath allusive," and thought the patron of inquisitions (heterodox as he was) "germain to the matter;" and so swore accordingly.

DEDICATION.

FREELY IMITATED FROM HORACE,

Book I, Ode XII.

WHAT man or hero [1] shall the Muse,
Among the prime ones of the Nation,
To patronize her Poem choose,
Fit subject for a Dedication?
What God,[2] the echo of whose name,
The proudest Whig to peace will tame?

[1] Quem virum aut heroa, &c.

[2] Quem Deum, &c.

Who'll stem the tide of Br—gh-m's debate,[3]
And hush the storm of B-rd-tt's hate;
Or, by his jesting, or his fiddling,[4]
Long-ear'd majorities will lead,
When H-me with salaries is piddling,
Or Van new taxes has decreed?
Whom should she choose, but L-nd-nd-ry?[5]
Who o'er our Islands holds command,
From Dover, westward quite to Kerry,
And north to John-a-Groat's far land.[6]

---

[3] Rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos.

[4] Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere.

[5] Quid priùs dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus.

[6] Qui res hominum ac deorum
Qui mare et terras, &c.

Great in the Senate, great in Treaties,
All Europe at his mighty feet is.
Sov'reign distributor of Places,
Of Pensions, Sinecures, and Graces;
The friend of Emperors and Kings,
Lord of all men and of all things;
And (what our tongue is much the better for)
Great autocrat of words and metaphor.
Whene'er he can't effect by deed
The purpose nearest to his heart,
He takes to talking, in his need,
And works his way by subtlest art.
Not that, like Chatham, Fox, or Tully,
He captivates each list'ning cully;
No burst of light, no charm of diction,
Win or seduce us to conviction;
But mazy periods, never ending,
Parentheses together blending,

The stoutest intellects astound,—
The bright, the subtle, the profound.
Thus, by fatiguing, not amusing,
Not by convincing, but confusing,
He makes *unanswerable* speeches,
And all his wayward ends he reaches;
And, while his auditors are dozing,
Tempers the world with hours[7] of prosing;
Strikes Europe's balance with his tongue,
And rules the roast by force of lung.
'Tis this that justly marks his name,
The foremost in the lists of fame.[8]
A greater man was ne'er begotten,
Since British boroughs first were rotten;

---

7 Variisque mundum
Temperat horis.

8 Unde nil majus generatur ipso
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

His like on earth was never known;
None e'er with second lustre shone,
When forced to sport their feeble ray
Within the sphere of C-stl-r-h.
As next in talent, next in rule
To our great chief,[9] Lord Liv-rp—l,
The Muse shall not neglect to ask
Thy patronage to grace her task.
Oh! let her pass from censure free,
Nor meddle with her *currency;*
And when you view her dire distresses,
Don't make bad worse, by hapless guesses:
Lest, as when humming the poor farmers,
You made a speech (t' *expose* their case,
And put to silence all alarmers,)
You but *expose*—your own disgrace.

[9] Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Next, in our list of Patrons rank,
My Muse, that marvellous Unthank,
Who, against Cas once dared to mutter,
And quarrel'd with his bread and butter;
Who deep remorseless hatred shew'd
Against the swinish multitude; [10]
And yet, to loyalty not faster,
Insulted too their Royal Master!
Let friends and foes alike beware,
Nor cross the fiery youth, when hot,
Unless exempt from every fear
Of epigram, or pistol-shot.[11]

---

[10] Sævis inimica virgo
Belluis.

[11] Metuende certâ
Phœbe sagittâ.

Next claim of *Allsides*[12] the support,
Who veers by turns to Whigs and Tories;
Now for the Country, now the Court,
Who in eternal shiftings glories,—
The mighty Duke of b—ms, whose weight
Inclines to either side the state;
Nor fail, in turn, to seek the quarters
Of t'other Duke[13] of *bombs* and mortars,
To beg a share of that protection,
He lavish'd with so much affection,
On Louis, when, with force unknown,
He plump'd him once more on his throne;—
Producing that famed armistice,[14]
Which passes by the name of peace.
Nor yet go by the Doctor's door
(Though S-c-t-ry now no more),

[12] Dicam et Alciden.

[13] — Puerosque Ledæ.

[14] Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes.

Famed for his short administration,
And making up with Buonaparte;
More famed for gagging the poor nation,
And writing "circulars" so smart.[15]
Like plants close buried in the shade
Of some entangled murky glade,
Within the Adm'ralty's close bow'r,
Lay Lords in reputation soar;[16]
Where Cr-k-r, like the Queen of Night,
Fairly outshines each minor light.[17]

---

15 Quietum
Pompilî regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquinî fasces.

16 Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli.

17 — Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Then ask the suffrage of each ass,
Who studies state in Charing Cross;
Nor by the Secretary pass,
Perhaps he'll in the bargain toss,
While resting from his labours nautical,
I' th' Quarterly "a clever article."
But when you've canvass'd all the Cabinet,
Put on a train of silk, or tabinet,
And, with these Patrons not contented,
Get to the K— himself presented.
G—, to old G— the Th-d succeeding,[18]
By praising you, will shew his breeding;
A praise which you should prize the rather,
Because he far outshines his father.

---

[18] Tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Although for conquests fam'd in India,
O'er Hyder, Tippoo Saib, and Scindia,[19]
And for preserving from invasion
Of Frenchmen's politics the nation.
Still G— knocks under to his Son,
Since Waterloo's great fight was won.
And (since K-ngs grow renown'd in story,
By taking to themselves the glory
Of all their Gen'rals do in arms,
And all their Statesmen win by thinking,
While safe at home and free from harms,
They pass their lives in love or drinking;
Yet, when Dame Fortune turns her tail,
And Generals or Statesmen fail,

---

[19] Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras et Indos:
Te minor, &c. &c.

The M-narch leaves the wretched elves
To bear th' entire blame themselves ;)
Great G— the Fourth, all must allow,
Wears brighter laurels on his brow :
For C-stler—gh and W-ll-ngton
Raised a French Monarch to his throne ;
While G— the Th-d and Mr. Pitt,
  Amidst the revolution's shock,
Only contrived with all their wit
  To bring *their* Ally to the block.
Our present G— made Europe wonder,
When he shook Flanders with his thunder ;[20]
He made great Dandy Sandy gloat
With envy on his wig and coat ;
But would you know his brightest deed,
What 'twas that made him K— indeed,

---

[20] Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum.

(The greatest K— that e'er was seen)
'Twas his *chaste* triumph o'er his Q—.[21]

---

[21] Tu *parum castis* inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

THE MOHAWKS.

Ad studium fallendi studio quæstus vocabantur.
Cicero de lege Agrar.

I.

If e'er 'twere thought that man was born to reason,
To vanquish ignorance, and spurn at lies,
That dogma, now grown stale and out of season,
Is laugh'd at by the simple and the wise.
Truth, truth's alone the pregnant cause of treason,
The rude relaxer of all "dearer ties;"
Spring of sedition, riot, and disorder,
And foe to Kings, and Priests, and "social order."—

II.

Ope where you will the babbling page of history,[1]
You'll find that truth has mostly been "suspected;"
Churchmen abandon'd it to set up mystery
(A trick for centuries by few detected):
And though with certain truths they still will pester ye,
Complaining bitterly that they 're neglected;
Yet louder they cry out, if for one moment,
Those truths you dare to scan—without a comment.

III.

Truth from the Court was driven by servility,[2]
Truth in the City's deem'd old Traffic's foe;
The lawyers found Truth's legal disability,
And banish'd it their pleadings long ago:[3]
Diplomatists, to prove their great ability,
Disdain of truth in all state matters shew;
While Judges, conscious Ministers to please,
Fine and imprison it for breach of peace.[4]

IV.

Truth's a horse medicine,—and for man's use
Too rough and potent; e'en a mod'rate dose,
The nation's brains, like opium, will confuse,
And wring its nerves with most convulsive throes.
Diluted with much popular abuse,
The smallest grain's enough to "stink i' th' nose."
Therefore wise Statesmen watch o'er the supplies,
And curb the import by a strict excise.

V.

Whoe'er has seen a juggler's slight-of-hand,
And mark'd the country folks' admiring faces,
Must know, the less the fellows understand,
With more delight they throng to fill his places:
So those, o'er nations who would hold command,
Find that deception ev'ry art embraces;
Hence the sound maxim, drawn from human nature,
"*Si vulgus decipi vult—decipiatur.*"

VI.

When earth was young, e'er by a curious wife
Tempted—seduc'd, unhappy Adam fell,
(In our times, when the dev'l would breed a strife,
He finds our neighbour's spouse a surer spell,)
While yet man led a good, though *dullish* life,
And things in Paradise went passing well,
All arts unknown, all science uninvented,
He throve most ignorant and most contented.

VII.

But when his "ever new delight" grew prying,
The devil saw some scope for an adventure;
Guessing the temper of her sex complying,
He urged her on forbidden fruit to venture.
Too well the miscreant triumph'd in his lying,
For Adam and his wife broke their indenture,—
And brought upon mankind all sorts of ill,
War, taxes, tithes, Jack Ketch, the doctor's pill.

VIII.

The moral hidden in this ancient tale
Needs not a forced and learned exposition:
The reader must discover without fail
That knowledge is the engine of perdition;
That wit and wisdom tend but to a jail;
That faith can't thrive without an Inquisition;
That free inquiry into sin seduces,
And thinking is the worst of all abuses.

IX.

Ah! sure that mortal was the Prince of Fools,
Who, bent upon a monstrous innovation,
Wilful and rash, first hit on Sunday Schools,
And made on "ancient night" a fell invasion;
'Twas this departure from all antique rules
That gave, to read Hone's trash, the dire occasion:
England's declined since peasants learn'd to spell,
And treason suck from Lancaster and Bell.

X.

But still more curs'd the German, who invented
The Press—dire enemy to Church and State!
That teaches nations to be discontented,
And makes them Ministers and Taxes hate;
Filling the artisans, where not prevented,
With radical, blasphemous, impious, prate;
Which renders useless all our best intentions,
Our spies, jails, gibbets, sinecures and pensions.

XI.

When few by gallows-verse [6] were saved a caper,
And greatest Princes only made their mark;
When knives and tallies served for ink and paper,
And all look'd up with rev'rence to a clerk;
When priests alone outwatch'd the midnight taper,
To keep the people more completely dark,
Then triumph'd in their might the sacred few,
And unrestrain'd, whate'er they pleased might do.

XII.

Uncontradicted, Mother Church might tell
(And gain belief from all), her wond'rous story;
Uncheck'd, uncensur'd, worthless relics sell,
And drive a pretty trade in purgatory;
By nought disturb'd, save her own "sacring bell,"[7]
In dozing day-dreams contemplate her glory;
Mistress to rule men's fortunes and their lives,
Their time, thoughts, actions, secrets, and their wives.

XIII.

Then, uncontroll'd by general opinion,
Kings rul'd exempt from ev'ry tie of law;
Loaded with wealth each male or female minion,
Fined, flogg'd, imprison'd, banish'd for a straw
Whene'er against their wives they had a *guignon*,
Sent their heads spinning, like a schoolboy's taw;
And if the people grudg'd at these vexations,
Obtain'd most profitable confiscations.

XIV.

Not then, as now, when in their full career
Of pleasure or revenge, they paus'd and doubted:
Of no vile newspaper they stood in fear,
Nor by a City Orator were flouted.
No mob then dared discarded Queens to cheer,
O'er a non-suited King they never shouted;
Nor dared a poet on his person fix,
And write him—"fledged and wing'd at fifty-six."[8]

XV.

Then, safe within his high embattled wall,
Or sconsed, like lobster, in his scaly armour,
On his estate, as sov'reign lord of all,
The feudal Baron taxed and starved the Farmer;
Forced him to follow on each idle call,
To fight, when furious, and to work, when calmer:
A gibbet on the frontier mark'd his sway,
And frighten'd ev'ry—honest man away.

XVI.

To thieves and cut-throats 'twas a well-known sign,
A guide-post to the general *rendezvous*,
Where they might perpetrate each fell design,
Rob for themselves, and for the Baron too.[9]
To peasants, 'twas a token to resign
Their cash, withholding not the smallest due :
No tenant dare be slack in his solution,
Where landlords take the neck in execution.

XVII.

Each feudal right 'twere tedious to mention,
I've seen a list that occupied some pages : [10]
Some that are past the quickest comprehension
Of our most learned antiquarian sages ;
Some so absurd, they seem almost invention,
Yet were maintain'd thro' "long succeeding ages;"
Rev'rend abuses of those good old times,
Which loyal poets boast of in their rhymes

XVIII.

Thus, when a chieftain's wife was in the straw,
Lest the young heir might suffer by a fright,
To keep his Lordship's frogs in silent awe,
The vassals beat his ponds the live-long night; [11]
While in return (for fair and fair's good law)
The lord avail'd him of another right,
Not to be told by Muse of chaste demeanor,
But call'd in joking France—*Le droit de Seigneur*. [12]

XIX.

Now, if my Lord should venture to be civil,
And ask a favour of a tenant's mate,
The farmer roars and rages like the devil,
Infuriate butting with his antler'd pate.
Juries of cuckolds estimate the evil,
And bills of costs, though taxed, are ever great;
But if he's *rude*, and offers to assault her,
Like a plebeian brute he meets a halter.

XX.

Oh! those were glorious times! the lordly Bishop,
Arm'd with the double sword of earth and heaven,[13]
Back'd any claim his fertile mind could dish up,
And with a troop of horse made matters even.
Like bold St. Peter, [14] (when no more he'd fish up
His nets,) to fighting as to preaching given,
He smote his enemies without compunction,
And, having floor'd them, gave them extreme unction.

XXI.

True, in these holy times some slight vexation
Occasionally blighted high born pleasures;
A Bishop sometimes, by assassination,
Disturb'd a brother Bishop's best laid measures;
Kings, too, were sometimes cut off, when the nation
Found them more free than welcome with its treasures;
And Barons often got an ugly knock,
Or left their heads on the King's chopping-block.

XXII.

True, in these holy times, the lands, laid waste,
And ravaged in the royal game of war, [15]
To yield a harvest were in no great haste,
And good provisions often were by far
Too scarce, which caused involuntary fast;
And pestilence, you know, where famines are
Soon follows;—now-a-days, 'tis call'd the typhus,
Which will of lords as well as churls deprive us.

XXIII.

The plague, in truth's a plaguy bad disease,
Tainting alike the peasant and the peer;
On Kings and Queens, maugre their crowns, 'twill seize,
And of a royal guardsman knows no fear,
Of palace and of hut with equal ease
Knocks at the gate, [16] nor lends a patient ear
To a Crown counsel's novelties in law,
Or to the rev'rend Churchman's wisest saw.

XXIV.

These were slight drawbacks; but the aristocracy
Still found a mighty pleasant game to play,
Lording it bravely over the democracy,
They caged and gagg'd who dared but *doubt* their sway;
If to *resist* there lived a madman so crazy,
Full soon the piper was he made to pay :—
To silence him some Sheriff had commission,
Or he was roasted by the Inquisition.

XXV.

No wonder then they saw with evil eye
The changes which succeeding ages knew;
And many strange expedients should try
To keep the people in allegiance true,
Who, to secure a finger in the pye,
Sported opinions perilous as new;
But long they guess'd not whence the storm was coming,
Destined to blow their hectoring and humming.

XXVI.

Oh! Westminster, within thy cloister'd abbey
Caxton in England first set up a press;
And our best Kings have shewn themselves not shabby
When call'd a zeal for learning to express;
Little they dream'd the imp they nursed, so crabby,
Should cause their children's children such distress,
Else, like wise Austria, they'd restrain'd all breeding
To the mere bounds of writing and of reading.[17]

XXVII.

First there came Luther to disturb their rest,
Intent upon religion and—his spouse;
Next Cromwell fanatized from east to west,
Cashier'd the monarch, and the upper house;
While wand'ring Charles, neglected and distress'd,[18]
More than half starved, fared worse than a church mouse.
Next James the Second, that most zealous ass,
Barter'd three goodly kingdoms for a mass.[19]

XXVIII.

The license of the Press, at this most critical
Juncture, brought Nassau,—then, the House of
Hanover;
By publications anti-jacobitical
Seduced the people to a wicked plan over,
Filling their brains with many new political
Doctrines, while James to Louis boldly ran over,
And a most trait'rous impious convention [20]
Dismiss'd him from his place, without a pension.

XXIX.

Oh! had not Satan first invented letters,
Casting his type with Hell-concocted lead,
The people ne'er had quarrel'd with their betters,
Nor with seditious science fill'd their head.
Bacon and Locke (of heresy abettors),
And Newton many dang'rous tenets spread;
While Harvey, when he traced the circulation,
Set the pulse galloping of half the nation.

XXX.

Old Torricelli's vacuum doubtless taught
Certain discoveries in physiology,
Which royal heads in bad repute have brought;
And Galileo's tube spoil'd much theology,[21]
Inspiring doubts, like those by Tom Paine sought,
So ably clear'd in Watson's fam'd Apology;
While Franklin's rods robb'd heav'n of its thunder,
And cured the people of much wholesome wonder.

XXXI.

Certes, 'twas Franklin's skill in electricity
Seduced the Bostoners to tar th' exciseman;
And made Lord North commit a multiplicity
Of errors, proving he was not a wise man;
Franklin, a perfect monster of duplicity!
Who first wrote books, to treason to entice man,
And then, least his M. S. should lie on shelf,
The double traitor—printed them himself.

XXXII.

So, in old France, before the revolution,
That arch, convicted heretic, Rousseau,
Threw its finances into much confusion,
Whence ills, like waves on waves, incessant flow.
He practised on the King [22] by such illusion,
As made his moral character so so ;
'Twas reading *Julie* set the people starving,
And hunger set them for themselves a carving.[23]

XXXIII.

So, in old France, the Priests refused to pay
Tax to the state, which made the people stare ;
The Nobles also chose to run away,
Leaving the King of friends and money bare ;
And all this mischief certain wiseheads say
Was brought upon the country by Voltaire.
Thus, now, when rents are low and farmers mob it,
Our English statesmen lay the blame to Cobbett.

XXXIV.

'Twas Voltaire brought about the coalition,
And march'd the Duke of Brunswick into France;
Rousseau at Coblentz wrought the King's perdition,
By promising on Paris to advance;
Voltaire, that sanguinary politician,
At Jemappe led the Germans a sad dance;
Twas he roused Robespierre to murd'rous passion,
And Rousseau wrote the guillotine in fashion.

XXXV.

But, as I said, it was the traitor Franklin
Seduced the Yankees to kick up a row;
And France (a fact with Englishmen long rankling)
Joined in the fray;—for which it suffers now.
For Frenchmen, when the English they'd done mangling,
Came home, the democratic seed to sow.
The blow which kill'd their King (a deed not very gay),
Was struck—such is man's foresight—in America.

XXXVI.

This, in due time, call'd forth a Bonaparte
To triumph o'er the democrats, and reign
In spite of all our ministerial party,
Although we beat the Frenchmen out of Spain.
Millions were spent—for still John Bull was hearty
(He will not quickly be so stout again) ;
This made the debt—the debt on landlords presses,
And landlords puzzle Van with their distresses.

XXXVII.

What great effects from little causes spring !
As consequence on consequence arises ;
Some trifling fault makes many a felon swing,
Which, early check'd, had spared him the assizes.
So all the ills, of which we feel the sting,
(Ills which the minister in vain disguises),
Wars, revolutions, the finances' ruin,
Are one and all—a Printer's Devil's brewing.

XXXVIII.

Oh! had it pleased Heav'n's providence to make
The swinish multitude without their eyes;
Or given eyes only to those few, who take
A bribe, to act the useful part of spies;
The rest like moles left blind, their shins to break;
Then had the great, secure from a surprize,
Not fear'd a revolutionary crash
From Hunt's Examiner, or penny trash.

XXXIX.

I can't help thinking what a sweet collection
Of books had then been printed, for the use
Of those quintessences of all perfection
The great, so very difficult t' amuse,—
Sland'rous memoirs, to lie without detection,
Verses like those which flow from Th—'s muse,
The cream of good Lord L-nd-n-ry's speeches,
Or W-lb-rf-ce's intellectual riches.

XL.

The Morning Post had still supplied us news,
The Courier still had ruled the afternoon;
(There'd been no need of Quarterly Reviews,
Where authors were all set to the right tune;
"John Bull" might then have rested in the stews,
From which it came, for its own friends too soon,
Despised, disown'd, while its poor men of straw
Suffer vicariously the scourge of law).

XLI.

Then, twice as lengthy, almost twice as dull,
If that were possible, his laureate strains
S—thy had pour'd, whene'er the moon was full,
And gain'd another pension for his pains.[24]
But C--ly with a somewhat thicker scull,
Had still contented been with smaller gains;
While G—ff—d, lacking subjects for his hate,
Had stung himself, and met the scorpion's fate.

XLII.

Those tomes, whose sale we're told is so immense,
Indited by the fluent muse of Waverly,
Where pure description holds the place of sense,
And ghosts and warlocks visit us so neighbourly,—
Where Whigs to malice ever are prepense,
And Tories preach their abject creed so cleverly,
Might still have had their vogue : spite of abusing,
We needs must own the novels are amusing.

XLIII.

Yes, to the heav'n-born few these works are level,
Guiltless of moral, quite devoid of thinking;
Save when they teach a credence in the devil,
Or vaunt the virtues of excessive drinking.
Their maudlin heroes, neither good nor evil,
Are pretty models of the art of sinking;
Infirm of purpose, into nothings tamed,
They'd never make the merest lord ashamed.

XLIV.

Not so Childe Harold,—he no place should find
Among the race of wits aristocratic;
His daring, deep intensity of mind,
Has something in it much too democratic;
Quite diff'rent from those intellects refined,
So polish'd, so demure, so sweet, so attic,
Which rouse no fire, with no strong feeling tease,
" The mob of gentlemen, who write with ease."

XLV.

Byron, there are, who think some strange anomaly,
Fitted thy head upon a Noble's shoulders;
Just as if that of poor Sir Samuel Romilly
On L-v-p-l's were fixed to pose beholders;
Or just as if a drawling, stale, dry homily,
Which on the shelf in some old College moulders,
Were, by the magic of Sir Humphry's lore,
Amalgamated with the wit of Moore.

XLVI.

Yet, thanks to England's home-bred institutions,
The case is not so absolutely new ;
Our nobles cross their breed ;—their constitutions
Are not so purely noble :—hence a few,
Breaking the sphere of pride and wealth's illusions,
Like meteors in night's ebon concave shew—
Besides,—their being obliged to speak i' th' House,
Draws forth, if they possess it, all their *νους*.

XLVII.

Maugre our Bishops' decency and gravity,
And certain Law-Lords' rather tiresome prosing,
Maugre each well-bred Noble's unmov'd suavity,
Which calms too much the jaded mind to dozing ;
Maugre that *ton*, which censures as depravity,
The speech, too much of light or heat disclosing :
Still Britain boasts a few of noble name,
Whom freedom, genius, worth, and wisdom claim.

XLVIII.

Grey, Holland, Lansdowne,[24] would to heav'n that Fate
Had given you less brains, or else less blood;
So, undisturb'd, the dullness of debate,
Unruffled, had preserved its drowsy flood,
Save when some College coxcomb's maiden prate
Call'd forth the wonder of each "noble Lud,"—
Or when the Ch-nc-ll-r's infectious weeping
Roused up the rev'rend Bishops from their sleeping.

XLIX.

Enough of Nobles,—of the books they write,—
Enough too of the books they 're fond of reading:
Urged by the pleasing theme, I've wander'd quite
Beyond all decent bounds,—digression leading
Still to digression:—like some errant knight
Who strays through forests, meat and drink not needing;
Or like V-ns-tt-rt, talking on finance,—
Or thy invectives, Ch-n-vix, on France.[25]

L.

Return we now our too discursive pen
Back to the subject we've so long forgotten;—
The Press (as we were telling you, Sir, when
We were by something a new scent thus put on),
The Press has made a furious change in men,
Our ancestors we don't regard a button;
Losing our dullness, gravity, and schoolishness,
We deem their wisdom little more than foolishness.

LI.

We can't conceive, in this age, the vast merit
Of being born to title and estate;
For virtue, wit, and courage men inherit
But seldom; and 'tis certainly more great
To earn distinction by our sense and spirit,[26]
Than to receive it at the hands of Fate;
Though, through a pedigree of noble blood,
Derived from ev'ry Baron since the Flood.[27]

LII.

Nor do we think, as wise men thought of yore,
The people fixtures, parcel of the land;
But deem, in spite of lawyers' antique lore,
The soil for man was made at heav'n's command.
Hence sprung that doctrine (to all ills a door),
That Kings committed to their people stand,
First Magistrates a nation's laws to keep,
And not the masters of a flock of sheep.

LIII.

'Tis marvellous how great's the education
Derived from newspapers and magazines;
What lots of facts are spread throughout the nation,
From which the dullest ideot something gleans.
Their Editors, in my imagination,
Like brokers operate upon our means.
Those help the public mind in abstruse cases,
By giving change for thoughts, as these for "*Hases*."

LIV.

'Tis very much the fashion to revile
The smaller journals, and to call them "trash,"
Because they're not too polish'd in their style,
And love at Kings and Ministers to slash.
(Though they shew infinitely less of bile
Than their more loyal rivals, when they lash).
Yet this same trash, when ev'ry thing is said,
Hits frequently the right nail on the head.

LV.

Compare the most ill-managed Sunday paper,
That fills our "rude mechanicals" with rage;
For argument and sense, with Dean Swift's draper,[28]
Or the best pamphlets of a former age.
(Howe'er Attornies-General may vapour,
Or Judges fume, like mountebanks on stage,
At its perverse and wicked capability),
You needs must own 'tis written with ability.

LVI.

Cobbett of Gaffer Gooch makes curious fun,
His "Gridi'on" frighten'd Jews and money-lenders;
And Hunt's Examiner is apt to run
Successfully a-tilt 'gainst all offenders.
The "Slap at Slop" a victory has won,
From L-nd-nd-r-y's hireling, fee'd defenders;
And *there are* highborn faces that look sadder,
When hoisted on Hone's matrimonial ladder.[29]

LVII.

Cobbett, vile rogue, whom law's restraints can't teach
To treat the Powers that be, with due respect;
Cobbett *will* criticise a royal speech,
And loves its faults in grammar to detect;
Sticks to his prey as eager as a leech,
Anxious to jibe, and bitter to reflect;
St—t, St-dd-rt, G-ff-d, Cr-k-r, how he'd distance ye,
But that the fitful fellow wants consistency.

LVIII.

Each day, week, month, and quarter, in collision
With all the Tory phalanx of inditers;
Now holding up a blockhead to derision,
And now contending with their abler writers,
These journals force e'en mobs with some precision
To judge between them, as between prize fighters;
And thus the rascals pick up sundry notions,
As parsons tell us, pregnant with commotions:—

LIX.

Now on the Paper System some shrewd guesses,
And now, a thought or two about the Trinity;
A stray idea on country folks distresses,
Or on our Bishops' Church-and-State divinity;
Now pithy arguments for their addresses,
Or on the laws of conjugal affinity,
Doubts on immense Taxation's vast utility;[30]
Or hints upon the Sinking Fund's futility.[31]

LX.

But, worst of all, they've set the people storming
'Gainst rotten boroughs and intriguing p—rs;
Made them adopt the fashion of reforming,
Unmov'd by W-rtl-y's wrath, or C-nn-ng's jeers;
At public meetings in great numbers swarming,
C-rtwr—t and H—t they greet with rapt'rous cheers;
While not a traitor of the whole remembers
That rotten boroughs send the best of Members.

LXI.

Corruption, British Statesmen all agree,
Serves in the national machine as grease,
Keeps the wheels going, all their motions free,
And makes the springs and levers act with ease.
Corruption offers to each heart a key,
Gives force in war and dignity in peace:
Assists the Minister in all he's planning
And purchases the aid of Mr. C-nn-g.

LXII.

Without Corruption, there may be some doubt,
That C-nn-g ne'er had found his way to Lisbon,[31]
By honest Ministers from home sent out,
Charged with the health of her, the bone of his bone.
Sent out, they cry, who choose to make a rout,
For nothing!—which, indeed, were not amiss done;
But, on inquiry, 'twill, I think, be found
He went for—about fifteen thousand pound!

LXIII.

I vow to heav'n; men too much undervalue
That useful art in states, the art of joking;[32]
Grave, rev'rend blockheads[33] are too apt to call you
All sorts of names, their own mere dullness cloaking,
(It's very well if they don't sometimes maul you,
Should you but clap a solitary joke in.)
But Ministers know better. In their need
They find the friend who jokes, a friend indeed!

LXIV.

When they behold themselves in a quandary,
Without a stale pretext to cloak their tricks,
'Tis a sound rule, from which they seldom vary,
To sport a mountebank, men's minds to fix;
To cheer the dogged, to mislead the wary,
And hit the Opposition a few licks:
Thus, when you read "*The H—se convuls'd with laughter,*"
It's odds some desp'rate vote will follow after.

LXV.

Hence 'tis not strange the people should detest,
C-nn-g, to hear you in your mood so gay;
Since they have learn'd to know, whene'er you jest,
Pilgarlick for the merriment must pay.
Like the poor frogs, they cannot find a zest
In being pelted, though it be in play;
And you yourself may live t' approve the rules,
Which teach how ill 'tis jesting with edged tools.

LXVI.

Without corruption never could the war
Have found so great and glorious a conclusion;
High in the east Legitimacy's star,
King Louis *Octroyant* a constitution,
Confed'rate Monarchs close allied, to mar
Their subjects' dispositions to confusion,
While their deep Ministers, as sly as foxes,
Make interchange of kingdoms and—snuff boxes.

LXVII.

Without corruption, ne'er had been invented
That basis of an equal-balanc'd power,
Where Monarchs to each other stand indented,
And kingdoms flank to kingdoms, just like tow'r,
Bastion, and barbican; while thus, prevented,
None but the strongest can the rest devour;
By *ames* and *demiames* the world's divided,
Least it should navigate the heavens lop-sided.

LXVIII.

By this most wise and *permanent* arrangement
(*Humano capiti cervic' equinam*)
The map of Europe's suffer'd some derangement,
Where states discordant into one entwine'm;
Where ancient brethren, by a wide estrangement,
Join distant realms—as congresses assign 'em.
Thus was the gen'ral work of restoration
Made perfect by a gen'ral innovation.[34]

LXIX.

But, to confine more close to home our views,
Without corruption Ministers might want
The Gr-nvl-s' *weighty* aid,[35] who aye refuse
To join that cause whose patronage is scant.
Wide in the sea of politics they cruize,
As interest guides, with either side they haunt.
Tory or Whig—no matter which the case is,
Like Aristippus[36] still they're *in their places.*

LXX.

When gold was high, and paper a mere drug,
Corruption voted that a note and shilling
Were worth a guinea;—Jacobins might shrug,
But loyal pensioners were very willing
To take these substitutes for the King's mug,
Their pockets on the public credit filling.
Just so it voted that the state's convulsion,
Was but "from war to peace, a slight revulsion."

LXXI.

Corruption sold the Irish independency,
While votes were bought like porkers in a stall;
Corruption raised the Protestant ascendancy,[38]
Which raised rebellion and the devil and all;
Corruption raised taxation (in dependency
Raising both tithes and rents which farmers gall)
This raised a clam'rous threatening of knocks,
Which raised but little, I should think, the stocks.

LXXII.

Corruption raised in time of peace the army,
But found it difficult to raise the wind;
Therefore it raises false reports t' alarm ye,
And, to submission, tame the public mind;
With tales of radicals prepared to harm ye,
It raises fears which all your senses bind;
News of the spreading of some strange new heresy,
Or else, perhaps, a Cato Street conspiracy.

LXXIII.

Thus have I prov'd to general satisfaction,
Corruption forms a "feature fundamental"
Of th' English system:—'tis the merest faction
To cry it down as being detrimental;
For this reform, which has such strange attraction
For pseudo-patriots, when they're sentimental,
Would make so large a hole i' th' Constitution,
That 'twould be evidently revolution;

LXXIV.

And therefore, to return back to my thesis,
Down with the Habeas ! up with the Six Acts !
No more let each man write just as he pleases ;
Suppress opinions, and remodel facts ;
Whene'er a pamphleteer or newsman teazes,
Bring down th' Attorney Gen'ral on their tracts ;
And should all other modes to punish fail ye,
Force them to hear a speech from Justice B-l-y.[39]

LXXV.

Nothing's so clear as, what at first I hinted,
That unrestricted truth is full of danger ;
The mind of man requires to be well stinted,
Too prone to wander, an unlicensed ranger,
Throughout the universe : and when he 's printed
(For in his thoughts he is no dog in manger)
The wild vagaries which he calls philosophy,
He fills the people with his own morosophy.

LXXVI.

Balaam, according to the Scripture tale,
Was sadly puzzled by a talking Ass;
Well might the prophet's noble spirit quail,
Though in our times 'tis a more common case.
The Ass, I think, did wiser to turn tail,
Than Rome's gull'd Consuls in the Caudine pass.
True, he saved Balaam's life by what he said,
But then 'tis pleasanter to be obey'd.

LXXVII.

Well may we judge from such a fair example,
How ill with our intentions it would suit,
If Nature, in her precious gifts too ample,
Had granted speech and reason to each brute;
If horses (just by way of a slight sample)
Should hint 'tis wholesomer to go on foot.
For sure our pleasures it would much disparage,
If they harangued, when they should draw the carriage.

LXXVIII.

Think, if the ox, when he should go to plough,
Should stipulate for so much oats and barley!
Think, when you took her farrow, if the sow
Should flatly tell you, you don't use her fairly!
Or if your dogs, when flogg'd, should make a row,
And tip it you in Baralipton rarely!
In this case man might tremble, I suppose,
Lest they should soon proceed from words to blows.

LXXIX.

Hence, though they talk so well in Æsop's fables,
Giving us morsels of such choice morality,
I think it more convenient that, in stables,
Our horses should preserve the useful quality
Of dumbness; since their master it enables
To do without the troublesome formality
Of gagging the poor beasts: a kick o' th' side
Serves just as well as speech, when we would ride.

LXXX.

Now this same argument, in greater force,
Applies to Government; but since the rabble,
Like men of more nobility, discourse,
(By Providence allow'd, alas! to squabble,
To find in reason's treach'rous light resource,
Of "laws," "equality," and "rights" to babble:)
No course remains, to save a state from sinking,
But passing laws to keep the poor from thinking.

LXXXI.

Ye statesmen, would ye have the people tame,
Patient to bear much work, and empty belly,
In ev'ry hardship and restraint the same
As if they fed on oysters, eggs, and jelly,
Be sure you suffer nobody to name
Such *naughty* books as those of Percy Shelley,
Paine, Byron, Bentham, Burdon, Ensor, Hone,[49]
Volney, Voltaire, or Chenier—no not one.

LXXXII.

Don't let them read a word that Gibbon wrote,
Nor Fox's fragment; don't let them be peeping
In Hume on Miracles; nor let them gloat
O'er Rousseau's Contract,—that's quite out of keeping.
In short, admit no book that's worth a groat,
But only such as set the reader sleeping.
Print new editions of worn-out theology,
And drag once more to daylight old astrology.

LXXXIII.

The danger we incur from too much light,
Is not in these our times a new discovery;
In earliest days it was a maxim trite,
Long e'er reforming mobs began to bother ye:
Though in our age we've carried to their height
The means from too much reason to recover ye,
The dread of thinkers is no innovation,
But, as I said, began with the creation.

LXXXIV.

All must allow the case is too provoking
To find one's-self weigh'd down by argument,
Or to endure a sly opponent's joking,
And be like schoolboy, to one's lesson sent.
'Tis difficult one's malice to be cloaking,
And look calm dignity, when harshly shent.
Instead of answering a book that blames,
'Tis easier to commit it to the flames.

LXXXV.

This practice much prevail'd in former times,[41]
Tiberius chasten'd thus fair Clio's pages,[42]
Because not complaisant to great men's crimes;
But Christian priests in more enlighten'd ages
Grown wise, condemn'd the poet with his rhymes,[43]
And with their dang'rous tenets grill'd the sages.
To burn his book an author feels a bore,—
But burn himself, you'll hurt his feelings more.

LXXXVI.

But now-a-days, since printing was invented,
Authors, alas ! have grown so very numerous,
Their crimes are not so easily prevented,
Which makes the scoundrels finical and humorous.
They rule opinion now, nor are contented
In these our roasting fantasies to humour us ;
While burning books improves not our condition,
Since it but serves to puff a new edition.

LXXXVII.

Although times change, yet man remains the same,
His appetites and passions never vary :
Thus politicians still play the same game,
And still watch truth with jealous eye so wary.
But other methods they employ to tame,
Compell'd of human life to be more chary,
In France the Censor keeps the journals quiet ;
None but the Government Gazettes run riot.

LXXXVIII.

At home, we've not arrived at this perfection,
Though by enormous strides we're fast approaching,
Still have we some good means to curb affection,
And moderate a pamphleteer's reproaching.
The law of libel circumscribes th' infection
Of ticklish truths, when "on the peace" encroaching.
That truth 's a libel puzzles soundest moralists,
But lawyers make it daily good on journalists.

LXXXIX.

Libel, bless'd term ! of such choice ambiguity,
Its ev'ry thing, or nothing, as you please.
To our Crown Lawyers 'tis a snug annuity,
Source inexhaustible of coming fees;
While each conflicting judgment's incongruity
Gives scope to sconce the printer with more ease;
The *pater* might for blasphemy be fined,[44]
And he who prints the decalogue confined.

XC.

How hard the fate, and how unjust to merit,
That he (whose truly legal stupefaction
First had the vast profundity to ferret
The law's prime maxim, scourge to the whole faction
Of publishers, which bridles their proud spirit,
Subjecting truth, like falsehood, to an action,)
Should die, unhonor'd and unknown his name,
Without one blast o' th' nether trump of fame.

XCI.

He, who th' Ephesian Dian's temple burn'd,
Lives, and will live through time, in deathless story;
While he, who endless reputation earn'd,
If real worth had ought to do with glory,
In no fond lawyer's tuneful verse is mourn'd,
Nor celebrated by one grateful Tory!
For what 's a temple burned, however beautiful,
To rendering a stiff-neck'd people dutiful?

XCII.

None but a thorough quintessential brain,[45]
Impregnated with ev'ry legal quiddity,
Accustom'd to uphold all sides for gain,
And prone to puzzle facts from sheer stupidity;
Traitor to common-sense and all that's plain,
With impudence to equal his cupidity,
Had plung'd in such a labyrinth of nonsense;
And then, to utter it had found the conscience.[46]

XCIII.

Arm'd with this maxim and a Special Jury,
Cull'd by a knowing hand, with sound discretion,—
A Barrister inflam'd with loyal fury,
Skill'd in each art to torture plain expression,—
A Judge, who knows to play his part demurely,
It is not difficult, in every session
To give examples of the force of quibbling,
Might cure the most invet'rate itch for scribbling.[47]

XCIV.

Yet so perverse and blind is human nature,
That libels are esteem'd "your only" reading ;[48]
And prosecutions often make a creature
Enhance his price, insuring his succeeding.
Give to your book this most enticing feature,
And all upon its poison will be feeding :
Indict it, and I'll lay an even bet,
Folks e'en would read the Lit'rary Gazette.[49]

XCV.

Hence besides hosts of men at arms to chain us,
And hosts of Parsons giving good advice,
With hosts of Lawyers in our faith to train us,[50]
And the Society for curbing Vice,
"The Constitutional," meant to restrain us
From all enquiries which are deem'd too nice ;
We've hosts of hireling authors for supplying,
To keep things tranquil, a strong dose of lying.

XCVI.

But *à propos* to these far-famed societies,
These new inventions of our times so pious,
We have them now in manifold varieties;
Some with their "cheap and nasty" tracts supply us;
Some too suppress our moral improprieties,
Others our Sunday's weekly fun deny us.
There are who overhawl our print-shop windows,
And some conspire to spoil good Jews and Hindoos.

XCVII.

Their various toils pursue one common end,
One common spirit animates their motions;
Whether the people's politics they mend,
Or regulate their soup-shops or—devotions,
Whether the Sabbath's *ennui* they defend,
Or hunt through pamphlets for forbidden notions;
Suborning perjury with grave formality,
And tempting men to sin,—to serve morality.

XCVIII.

The lust of sway, the fondness for dictation,
Inherent in each narrow, selfish mind,
Works most in those who, void of occupation,
Leisure to look into their neighbours find:
'Tis thus the idlers of each rank and station
Are for the most part "very, very kind;"
To cottage housewives now imparting rules,
And now inspecting b-m brushings in schools.

XCIX.

Look to the names which fill up each subscription,
(Auxiliary, branch, and supplementary,)
For putting into force its own presciptions,—
You'll find of strenuous idlers an inventory;
Idlers of ev'ry possible description
Array'd to hector, drill, control, and Mentor ye,
Squires, Bishops, Bankrupts, maid and married fusties
All loyal, pious foll'wers of Procrustes!

C.

Of subtler spirits, these are the fit tools,
Who labour hard to prop the falling system;
Who deem the public work, begun by fools,
By fools must be completed,—so inlist them,
A sort of fourth estate of sumpter mules,
I'th' march t'wards wealth and greatness, to assist them,
To lend fair names to gild each foul disgrace,
And help them on their devious way to place.

CI.

The Constitution (grown the worse for wear),
By the addition of this curious piece,
Is once more put into some slight repair,
And, if well oil'd, performs its task with ease.
Kings, Lords, and Commons are not worth our care,
Unless supported by this new police;
Law, Church, and Army, influence o' th' crown,
Are not enough to put sedition down.

CII.

E'en all together, with the kind assistance
Of the aforesaid mystified subscribers,
Scarce hope the Whigs and Radicals to distance,
Or keep afloat the cause of bribed and bribers,
Against reform to make a stout resistance,
Confound the dull, and baulk the wit of gibers,
To hold by prosecutions, scribblers quiet,
And starving hinds with tracts and sermons diet.

CIII.

Hence, while societies the truth suppress,
With Ort-n, Sh-rp, and M-rr-y on th' alert,[51]
The M-n-st-rs take up the silenced press,
Feeing whole swarms of scribes, for flinging dirt.
Scribes skill'd to fib and colour with address,
And bold, at need, a bare-fac'd lie t' assert:
So Cornish wreckers trust not to dark nights,
But make all sure, by hanging out false lights.—[52]

CIV.

Curtius, to save old Rome, as Livy tells,
Jump'd in the riven earth, and stopp'd its gaping;
And Mutius Scævola its annals swells,
On his own hands a desp'rate vengeance taking;
While Regulus met tortures fierce as hell's,
Rather than hurt his honor by escaping;
But none of these, according to my notion,
Surpass'd our loyal scribes in their devotion;

CV.

For they gain'd glory by their splendid deeds,
And sacrificed their persons to their name;
For smaller cause the common soldier bleeds,
And bravely breathes his last, unknown to fame:
But the true hireling spurns at glory's needs,
And in the cause he follows, welcomes shame;
Encounters ev'ry freeman's scorn and hate,
And lives in infamy—to serve the state.

CVI.

Let no base, envious Jacobin suppose
That all is suffer'd for the sake of money;
Or that a turncoat love of "order" grows,
Out of an hank'ring for the milk or honey,
Which in the ministerial Eden flows,
As certain wits imagine, when they're funny:
'Tis all pure patriotism;—should you doubt it,
I'd not advise you to say much about it.

CVII.

If in an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues
(I name an hundred for that Virgil's choice is),[53]
Vibrating like an hundred Chinese gongs,
Making at once an hundred diff'rent noises;
Fed by an hundred pair of brazen lungs,
Gave utt'rance to an hundred iron voices;
Those voices all would fail, those tongues grow tired,
E'er they could count the number of the hired.[54]

CVIII.

What region of the empire could I mention,
Free from the echo of their various toils?
Nay, there are some, whose mental comprehension
Embraces too our neighbours' civil broils;
So vast the sources of their quick invention,
So fierce their raging indignation boils,
Not all the Opposition of one nation
Can find them scope enough, nor occupation.

CIX.

Sometimes on France they make their wild attacks,
Or sing the praises of the *Côté droit*;[55]
Now lay the sprawling Spaniards on their backs,
And swear the Cortes are not worth a doit;
The Portuguese perhaps with treason tax,
Or scourge the Greeks for being too adroit;[56]
But still their censure falls with most severity
Upon the curs'd United States' prosperity.

CX.

For first, the Yankees are a standing proof
Of what by a good government we gain;
(Have we not found th' example a behoof
To Naples, Piedmont, [57] Portugal and Spain?
Teaching from Feudal bonds to keep aloof,
And seize their long-lost liberties again;)
And then, they pay, to carry the great farce on,
And prop the government, not one state parson.

CXI.

Besides, they are so barbarous and rude!
So totally divested of civility!
Their country is so overrun with wood!
And in the arts they shew such small nobility!
They have no op'ras and their style's so crude!
And then the savages have no ability!
But most each loyal Briton's anger waxes,
Against their want of sinecures and taxes![58]

CXII.

No wonder, then, our hireling scribes, so furious,
America incessantly revile ;
For if the English nation, who are curious,
Should take it in their heads for a short while,
Just for experiment, to grow penurious,
And vote supplies in the true Yankee style,—
Burke's fam'd " Corinthian capital" 'twould tumble,
And the State's "decent splendour" too much humble.[59]

CXIII.

Not Proteus takes all forms with so much ease
As your true, loyal, pious, hireling hack ;
Now his pure panegyrics, tuned to please,
Proclaim him master of the—butt of sack.
Anon his north-east sentences will freeze
The trembling victim of his fierce attack ;
While still more wild he plies his scourge, because
Himself once own'd the persecuted cause.

CXIV.

But most at home the recreant of the muse,
When, shelter'd in anonymous obscurity, [60]
He points his venom'd periods for reviews,
Foments his fest'ring malice to maturity;
Deals out, unknown, the language of the stews,
And wings his poison'd arrows in security:
Woe to the noble, gen'rous, brave, and free,
If such can suffer aught from calumny!

CXV.

Time was, when our reviewers, something critical,
Talk'd about books, and really read their pages;
Gave too of their contents an analytical
Account—the faithful mirrors of their ages:
But now, more bold, or else less hypocritical,
He who reviews directer warfare wages;
Not 'gainst the book he strings denunciations,
But 'gainst the author, or his near relations.

CXVI.

Finds some defect,—not in his style, or writing,
But in the ill-made features of his face;
Not 'gainst his arguments and reasons fighting,
Builds on his personal defects a case;
His gait and gesture, not his wisdom slighting,
Censures, not wit, but shoulders out of place;
Or, if all these be critic-proof, the cur,
Rather than fail, attacks the publisher.

CXVII.

But, if his eye *should* glance upon the sheets,
What's good or pleasant there he never tells;
Seldom on what the author *writes* he treats,
But on supposed intentions boldly dwells.
Pounces triumphant, when a fault he meets,
And ev'ry venial lapse to the utmost swells;
Misquotes to make an error, if there's none,
And, for the author's folly, puts his own:

CXVIII.

While base revilings trickle from his pen,[61]
In terms unfit to meet a modest ear,
Such as in Bedlam's halls, from frantic men,
Fill the by-stander with unwonted fear;
Such as in fish markets are frequent, when
The old wives yield their tongues to rage and beer,
Or such as give its vent to G-ff-d's spleen,
And in his notes on "rare old Ben" are seen.[62]

CXIX.

God help the writer, then, whom Church and State
Delight not; who refuses to acknowledge
Dogmas which now are somewhat out of date,
Or dares to doubt of Van's financial knowledge;
Who ventures of the Greeks or Spain to prate,
Or wishes to reform St. Stephen's College;
In such a case the hireling pities no man,
But falls with double vengeance on a woman.

CXX.

Sometimes in solemn, grave, imposing tone,
Big with importance, and brimful of learning,
In Quarterly Review, with bagpipe drone
(The fervour of his zeal less brightly glowing),
He proses, like some ancient fire-side crone,
O'er the same point returning and returning,
Not deep, but muddy; tiresome, though not full;
Nauseous, not sweet, and though not gentle, dull.

CXXI.

Sometimes beneath the churchman's close disguise,
As "British Critic" will he lull his readers;
Claiming assent from all, to all his lies,
In dire hostility to all seceders.
To reach a meaning when in vain he tries,
He rails against sectarian misleaders,
Pert, pompous, dull, the *fellow* [63] shews his feeding
Is very much superior to his breeding.

CXXII.

Sometimes descending to a lower key
(For in the lowest deep there's still a deeper),
" My grandmother's review," [64] he writes for thee,
And grows an almost apoplectic sleeper,
A driveller, from sense and reason free,
Who, only that he's harmless, wants a keeper;
The merest twice-skimm'd milk of all that write,
Flat, foolish, feeble, false and—hypocrite.

CXXIII.

Sudden awaking from Lethean slumbers,
All sparks and tinsel, noisy as a rattle,
He pours his Antijacobinic numbers,
And, brisk as bottled beer, he wages battle.
No sense of shame his skittish muse encumbers,
Wisdom and wit he treats, as butchers cattle:
Nor pain nor grief are sacred;—for his art,
To raise an idle laugh, would break a heart.

CXXIV.

Again, as changeful as a maniac's dream,
Through the "New Times" he wends his weary way,
Pours forth his wordy prose, through many a ream
Distilling drops of thought, from day to day;
By cumberous abuse he seeks to seem
In downright earnest; though old cronies say,
A true Swiss soldier, deep within his breast
His early principles unalter'd rest.

CXXV.

In "Morning Post" he chatters like a daw,
On routs and runaways would feign be witty,
Phrase twines with phrase, all jargon and gewgaw,
"Very good senseless," frothy, smart, and pretty;
Too pert for satire, still he gives the law
To female goosecaps, both in Court and City;
Imparting topics for each *coterie*,
As weak and washy as their thrice-drawn tea.

CXXVI.

But for the Courier when he wields the quill,
The Atlas to uphold a sinking state,
A Bobadil, his "twenty more" to kill,
And armed alike for journal or debate;[65]
With double impudence he backs his skill,
And drugs his paragraphs with triple hate,—
With insolence for wit, and rage for sting,
Malice for sense, and lies for every thing.

CXXVII.

Official insolence, too often tried
On the brave tar, the guardian of our isle;
A rage, not art itself attempts to hide,
That breaks confess'd through his sarcastic smile;[66]
Malice to slander nations, and to stride
O'er prostrate millions; and a subtle wile
To worm to confidence its treach'rous way,
Through friendship's heart of heart, and then betray.[67]

CXXVIII.

Now in the northern Beacon (dang'rous light,
The pole-star of the Scottish Tory's choice)
He vents his spleen against some Whiggish wight,
Making, like emptiest barrel, loudest noise;
But long the man of song and legal knight,
Like giants, in their course could not rejoice:
The bond discover'd, dragg'd to day each name,
They 've only to divide the costs and shame.

CXXIX.

Mourn, all ye Muses! veil your conscious tears,
Lo! the scorch'd laurel feels the lightning's blast!
How fades that glory, nurseling of your cares!
How sinks that name which should for ever last!
In vain thy son his hundred triumphs bears,
Disgrace and vengeance hold their victim fast.
" Who but must laugh, if such a man there be,
Who would not weep, if *Marmion* were he?"[68]

CXXX.

Now drunk with anger, lost to self-respect,
We trace the hireling in fell Bl-ckw—d's page;
Eager all sense of virtue to reject,
And wild as the Malay's his murd'rous rage;
So venemous not snakes their crests erect,
None rave so fierce in Bedlam's closest cage;
Wilful as famish'd tigers in their mood,
He writes with daggers, and he prints in blood.

CXXXI.

Haply, John Bull, beneath thy honor'd name,
He strives to steal his way to notoriety,—
John Bull for centuries exempt from blame,
Though now for treason censured and impiety.
Spite of a shameless Cabinet's foul shame
And frequent diplomatic impropriety,
Thy fame is still too fair, for him to pass
His stuff for thine, e'en on the merest ass.[69]

CXXXII.

No, in those miscall'd pages, stand in view,
Reflected, all the vices of the faction;[70]
Each wish and passion of the desp'rate crew,
The ruling wherefore of their ev'ry action.
There L-nd-nd-rry's system we review,
And estimate the Doctor to a fraction;
The Irish hanging, picketings, and hewings,
And Manchester's too famed, and murd'rous doings.[71]

CXXXIII.

There C-nn-g's ill timed jests at human woe;
There, Eld-n's double superfine hypocrisy;
There, L-ch's honesty at once we know,
And W-ll-ngt-n's contempt for the Democracy;
There, B-th-st's wit and wisdom brightly glow,
And S-th-y's fawning on the Aristocracy;
There, H—'s morality at large we find,[72]
And C-r's malice against all mankind.

CXXXIV.

There, shine their joint tenacity of place,
Their hatred against all that's great and free,
Their partiality for what's most base,
And thorough-paced in its subserviency;
There, too, the conscious fear of the whole race,
At the stern, steady march of liberty;
There doubts, misgivings, tremblings, apprehensions,
For despots, loans, finances, necks, and pensions.

CXXXV.

But who shall sing the hireling, when for Pat
To point his virgin quill he first essays,
More meanly fawning, more profoundly flat,
More wild in malice, and more *fade* in praise;
More scurrilous, and yet more prone to rat,
His early inexperience he betrays;
While yet too weak for British transplantation,[73]
He writes in Dublin for a proclamation.[74]

CXXXVI.

With smaller merit than the least can boast,
Who plod their path obscure in London journals,—
Too coarse for St-d-rt's ultra-loyal host,
Too vulgar for the Courier's diurnals,—
By much too foolish for the Morning Post,
Too blackguard even for "John Bull's" infernals,
To emigrate he feels were vain presumption;
And manufactures wares for home consumption.

CXXXVII.

But different occasions make demand
For diff'rent means and different appliances,
Therefore, as seasons, time, and place command,
We find 'twixt men and things some strange affiances;
And words themselves are seen, if closely scann'd,
To change their sense, when forced in new alliances.
Thus 'tis, the Dublin hireling's venal prating
For London readers may require translating.

CXXXVIII.

In London, talking of the great Nassau,
Or naming sixteen hundred eighty eight,
May subject you to feel the Courier's paw,
As being thought unfriendly to the State;
For though expelling James is deem'd good law,
The *precedent* is not approved of late;
And certain views of things make some folks tender
Of censuring too harshly the Pretender.

CXXXIX.

Not so in Ireland,—there the ready glass
Drank to the Dutchman, speaks well for your creed:
For though great folks now smile upon the mass,
Coquet it with the Romans, and indeed
Vote ev'ry Orangeman a mulish ass,
Ill-treating him of whom they've no more need,
Yet their old friends they use like malefactors,
Not as bad politicians, but bad actors.

CXL.

Then deem not, when they swell the frantic cry,
Pledging "The glorious Mem'ry" in their drink,
The Irish bigots dream of liberty,
Or of man's right of freely thinking think;
They look but to their sect's supremacy,
And Nassau to a factious tyrant sink.
Thus when the hireling boasts the Constitution,
'Tis but in terms a Babelish confusion.

CXLI.

Methinks I hear some sour old crab, didactic,
Rail in round terms against the loyal Press,
Abusing like a pickpocket their tactic,
His "blasphemy and treason" to express,—
(Treason, 'gainst which I know no prophylactic,
Save gaols and gibbets); and 'tis thus, I guess,
He'd give in words his unborn malice vent,
And slander merit to his heart's content.

A CRAB'S DESCANT

ON

THE MOHAWKS.

Curse of our realms, and scandal of the age,
Ye slaves! whence springs this more than wonted rage?
Whence this vast confidence? this lust of shame?
This eagerness to earn a sullied name?
Dead to all honor, lost to wholesome fear,
Behold the literary Buccaneer
Stalks forth in day to boast his hateful trade,
And makes it his distinction that he 's paid.
Is there a man affecting airs of state,
More easy and familiar with the great,
More insolent in office to inferiors,
More arrogant and coarse with his superiors?
Who climbs to place, yet cannot reach respect,
Whom, yet, no Minister shall dare neglect?

Who, unreproved, by dint of impudence,
Attains to heights unreach'd by worth and sense?
Be sure his mighty service to the nation,
The source of his success, is defamation.
Is there, whose turncoat zeal more fiercely glows,
Whose renegado rage no measure knows,
Whose wild intolerance, whose new born grace
(Flashing conviction, when it gave him place),
More impiously insults an outraged God,
Than the worst scoffers, who have felt his rod?
Be sure this saint to wealth and dignity
Has sought the ready path through calumny.
Who slanders with his pen would wield a knife,
And he who stabs your fame, would take your life,[75]
But that, of wholesome law's restraints afraid,
He sticks to lying as the safer trade:—
Lying, the ready talent of a race
Of wretches, whom no other talents grace;

The liberty of slaves, the great excise,
From which the worthless cheaply raise supplies.
Yet not, as erst, the venal, venom'd crew
Slink to their garrets from the public view;—
Through M-rr-y's porch triumphant see them pour,
Nor seek the shelter of a snug back-door;
The Pulpit, Senate, Treasury invade,
Assume all forms, and ev'ry form degrade.
Malignant, they pursue with ranc'rous hate
The virtues, which they cannot imitate;
Pounce on their prey,—and if they can't destroy,
Make it at least their boast that they annoy.
Invoking peace, they fill the world with strife,
Invade the secrets of domestic life;
And when unsullied worth, and high desert
Stand inaccessible, they fling their dirt
'Gainst all relations to the fourth degree,
And not the dead from their attacks are free.[76]

Nothing's too mighty, nothing too obscure,
The onslaught of their malice to endure;
Whole nations they revile; and now are seen
Stooping to strike a persecuted Queen.
Now against M-ck-nt-sh or Br—gh-m they rail,
And now calumniate Carlile in jail;
Now 'gainst Sir R-bert raise some sland'rous lie,
Now against Waddington their vengeance ply;
Now, envious, nibble Byron's mighty fame,
Now make some nameless pamphleteer their game.
Proceed, bold cowards, follow your career,
Th' anonymous can know no check from fear;
Or if, perchance, in some unguarded hour,
You fall within the law's insulted pow'r,—
If quibbling sophistry can't set you free,
Nor yet corruption dictate a decree,—
If Juries do their duty, and the law
Admits no equivoque, no slight, no flaw,

Some needy wretch shall lend, or sell his name,
And fed in jail, contented bear your shame.
Proceed; the times require your utmost aid,
And ply with fiercer zeal your wonted trade.
Lo! upstart Reason, most audacious grown,
Lifts her two searching eyes, and scans the throne;
And in her equal balance dares to weigh
The altar—thinking when she ought to pray.
Proceed; a stiffneck'd race refuse to fall,
With prostrate intellects at L-nd-n's call;[77]
While persecution forces none t' obey,
But calls neglected deists forth to day;
And gaols no longer journalists affright,
But add increace of weight to all they write.
Proceed; for influenced by the fall of rents,
E'en Peers change sides and swell the non-contents;
Deserting pensioners like Cobbett storm,
And trimming Tories bellow for reform;

While starving farmers join the gen'ral cry,
And G—ch and H—ll are sent to Coventry.
Proceed; for though confed'rate Kings have sworn
To parcel Europe, from Napoleon torn;
To trample upon human rights and laws,
Making against mankind a common cause;
Though Louis mocks the *Charte* himself has giv'n,
And Ultras "play such pranks before high heav'n,
As make the angels"—laugh instead of weep,
And missionaries preach the French to sleep;
Though hapless Italy, again subdued,
Sees all her ancient servitude renew'd;
And leaden Austria, by its own dead weight,
Maintains unvex'd and undisturb'd its state
(Like planets which preserve their destined place,
By gravitating, in the realms of space);
Though Europe be one gen'ral fortress made,
And soldiers penetrate its loneliest glade;

Though the vast prison-house of all that lives,
To persecuted worth no rest it gives;
Though "the play's over," and "the game is up,"
Though the world's chiefs once more "in safety up;"[78]
Though Metternich and Pozzo are now able
To make and keep their state-arrangements stable;
And, what's more wonderful than all they've plann'd,
Thy French, oh! Cast—h, they understand;[79]
Yet, spite of Congress, visit, and convention,
Of Kings united in one firm intention,
Freedom survives, and calls to all around,
And waking nations hail the sacred sound.
Hark! from the Tagus peels the joyous cry,
And answ'ring Ebro echoes "Liberty!"
While the pale crescent, hast'ning t'wards its wane,
In darkness sets, and Greece is free again!
And through America's extended shore,
Throne after throne sinks down, to rise no more.

Proceed then, hirelings, point the ready lie,
And give new doubles to each sophistry.
Freedom to all, to you brings loss of place,
A nation's triumph is your band's disgrace,
With deadlier malice drug the sland'rous tale,
With greater boldness patriot worth assail;
Assume, more free from shame, the saintly air,
And, arm'd in impudence, more greatly dare;
Pour forth invective without stint or pause,
Distort, malign, pursue;—and in your cause,
Think all the thousand shafts you speed too few,
Think nothing done, while ought remains to do.[80]
" Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,"
Which works no mischief on the common foe;
And cursed the idle day, as spent in vain,
That passes o'er their heads unmark'd by pain.
What though fresh tempests the worn vessel rock,
And ev'ry bending plank scarce bides the shock;

What though the breakers speak with tongue too plain
The fatal shallows—in the *Premier's* brain,
And county meetings, by distress made bold,
Proclaim the water rising in the hold;
What, though reluctant, in each new debate
Your friends, sore press'd to 'scape their coming fate,
Part with some portion of corruption's hoard,
And place on place, compell'd, fling over board,
Still 'tis some comfort, if by art or wile,
Ye raise against your enemies a smile;
If P—l, in love with wit, and turning railer,
Forget his *jennies* to call H-me a tailor;
Or if to give him transient vexation,
Cr-k-r can fancy a miscalculation;
Then, letting slip your dogs of paper war,
Proclaim the mighty triumph wide and far;
Puff, distich, epigram and squib let fly,
And Tories with a nine hours' laugh supply;

So shall the nation feel not its distress,
But all "collective wisdom's" worth confess.
Great is his merit who can pen a squib,
Or with an air of plain rough candour fib;
Nor less his skill, whose wordy, lengthy prose,
With true no meaning, can completely pose;[81]
Can place a subject in all points of view,
Present all phases, yet shew nothing true.
Well he deserves, who with remorseless rage
Spares neither virtue, genius, sex nor age;
Whom no warm sympathies, no ties withhold,
Who'd slander father, sister, wife, for gold;
But better he who, doubly arm'd, can write,
And if occasion serve, by turns can fight;
Or he, from all compunctious scruples free,
Who shoots the man he's mark'd—by deputy.
What though some stiff old Whig, of other times,
May brand perhaps such *useful* deeds as crimes,

And, harshly judging them, too nicely shy,
Such "worshipful society" may fly,
Yet saintly W-lb-rf--ce must needs approve
All done or suffer'd for a *Premier's* love;
While zealot S—they (whose fine sense can tell
All who are doom'd to find their way to hell;
Who deals damnation with no sparing hand
On all the Opposition of the land)
Will yet find out some clause, for heav'n to win
The holy man, who slays a Jacobin.

All are not giv'n such mighty worth to shew,
All are not giv'n such high-prized deeds to do;
All cannot gain renown "by field and flood,"
Let those shed ink, who cannot wade in blood.
Let him, on death who wants the heart to look,
Murder a reputation, or a book;
Stab with an epigram, to raise a laugh,
Or poison safely—in a paragraph.

But if perchance, in roguishness and sport,
He's robb'd the Government, in whose support
He plies the willing quill,—if a defaulter,
He merits from the law a whip or halter,
Let not that thought his daring spirit move,
Such liberties but—" shew the more of love."
Or if a sudden light conviction brings
On one, who long has hated priests and kings,
Reflected from the pocket to the brain,
Proving the mighty " godliness of gain,"
Effecting rapid change, like that sweet call
Which saves the Methodist from Adam's fall,
To place him with psalm-singing saints for ever;
Or like the healing crisis of a fever,—
Let no remembrance of his former life
Hold him from joining in the wordy strife;
Boldly his former thoughts let him disown,
Nor fear to strike, in other's faults, his own:

Let him with zeal pursue his new-sought ends,
Unmoved by recollections of old friends;
Or rather let him with more active hate,
Because they were his friends, his vengeance sate:
For he, who steadily still holds the same,
Whom gold can't tempt, nor persecution tame,
Who strong in reason, and in virtue bold,
Is, was, and will be constant and unsold,
Marking the renegade's apostacy
By contrast, more becomes his enemy;
Deserves one blow, because himself is true,
And, that he shames the traitor, merits two.
Then let no memory of former sin
Awake the latent charities within;
Let no bright visions of that guileless youth,
When all was plain simplicity and truth,
No fond regrets for hearts' ease, ill exchanged
For all, that falling virtue e'er deranged,

No thoughts of that sweet intercourse of soul,
When friendship's confidence knew no control;
When, from all selfish calculations free,
Heart beat with heart in gen'rous sympathy,
Frustrate the purpose, or arrest the pen,—
Friendship is but a name, and men are men;
Or, if distinctions from such bonds arise,
They only serve t' exalt the sacrifice.—
'Tis said by gownsmen that the sorest woe
Which demons midst eternal burnings know,
Springs from a constant thought of that bright sphere,
From which they fell, to dwell in pain and fear,—
From contemplation of eternal bliss,
In dreadful contrast with the realms of Dis,
And from a jealous hate they're doom'd to bear
To virtue, and to all that virtuous are.
So in the hireling renegado's breast,
By many a wild and fev'rish thought oppress'd,

The greatest pang, by which his peace is cross'd,
Springs from the thought of independence lost;
From envy of that worth and that good name,
To which himself has forfeited all claim.
So Burke (to Fox and freedom lost), enraged,
A fiercer war against his species waged;
Rail'd with more fury 'gainst the French, to vent
The storm within his burning bosom pent.
So S—y grows a bitterer reviler,
Whene'er the turncoat thinks upon W-t T-ler;
And so, too, St—t more outrageous raves,
Judgment and decency more desp'rate braves,
When stung by mem'ry that he once was free,
The loudest champion of French liberty.
So L-nd-n-d-rry's self, whose placid air
Rarely betrays a sense of fear or care,
Whose mazy words but seldom smack of bile,
Who ruins nations with a simp'ring smile,

When sometimes moved to speak with slight vexation,
Of "ignorant impatience of taxation,"
To let his deep dislike of Brougham appear,
Or put down Hume's d—d figures with a sneer,
Perhaps remembers how his life began,
A patriot and United Irishman,[82]
So all the coals which heap'd on Byron's head,
Shew sense, and wit, and modesty are fled,—
Bespeaking an instinctive, brutal wrath,
Which, blindly wild, itself alone can scath—
So the invectives impotent and base,
The ages and the country's last disgrace,
Which G—d, with an eunuch's fury fir'd,
And with a more than Tory's rage inspir'd,
Launch'd 'gainst a woman's name, as false as foul,
The black reflections of his own dark soul,
Betray the fierce, intolerable smart
Which envy kindles in the hireling's heart.

'Twas not alone the hated tale she told,
'Twas not the fearful truth her books unfold,
'Twas not the contrast of the Frenchman's ease,
Untax'd, unworn, (though that might well displease)
'Twas not the story of Italia's woes,
Of the false promise of her juggling foes,—
No, 'twas that spirit which disdain'd all fear,
Which, strong in conscious innocence, could dare,
Scorning all compromise with fraud or vice,
The hireling's wrath and vengeance to despise:
No, 'twas the frankness, which spoke forth the mind,
No paltry interest conceal'd behind;
Which made no pause to think how truth might tell,
Or whether better buried in her well;
These were the causes made the monster spew
A blacker stream of bile o'er his review;
With more than wonted insolence revile,
And load with more of Billingsgate his style;

Dare all contempt, all character defy,
Expose the cause he serves to infamy,—
Forget all prudence, and o'erstep all bound,
The woman, author, wife, and wit to wound.
But little boots it ev'ry cause to tell
Which serves the tide of calumny to swell;
No spring of action pow'r has left untried,
And ev'ry spring its quota has supplied;—
Hate, rage and envy, jealousy, and fear,
Ambition, avarice, and pride are there.
Mitres suspended o'er the parson's brow,
In dreams of promised recompenses glow.
And D-rh-m's conclave fancy, ev'ry man,
They clutch the crozier metropolitan.
Hence visitation charges, thick as hail,
And sermons at assizes never fail,
Denouncing e'en by name the great and free,
Reviling all that strive for liberty;

Invoking 'gainst the people, ropes, and axes,
To strike at once the foes of tythes and taxes![83]
Hopes less sublime might Bl-c-w's soul beguile,
Bl-c-w, who rail'd himself to durance vile.
(Parsons, by his example taught, beware,
In slandering 'tis not enough to dare;
A Churchman's hate, alone, may answer well,
The hireling's malice certainly will tell;
But both united sublimate the lie,
Outstep the modesty of calumny;
The o'ercharg'd weapon on themselves recoils,
And gaols, not mitres, pay their useless toils.)
Lo! C-n-g, glutted with the people's wealth,
Thinks upon India, and still writes by stealth.
Str-t, whose long efforts to support the State
The K— rewarded with a gift of plate,
Unsatisfied, still looks for favours new,
And wants, like harlequin, "the partridge too."[84]

S—ft keeps the jewels and the royal crown,
And grateful, freedom and reform writes down.
While, seated on the Admiralty steerage,
C——r still rails—perhaps to get a peerage.
Proceed, great masters ! all resistance crush,
Divide to reign, and isolate to crush ; [85]
Our nation's frankness to court flatt'ry turn,
And ev'ry thought of independence spurn ;
Rave 'gainst blasphemers through th' astounded land,
And eulogize th' informer's deadly band ;
On Reynolds, Oliver, and Castles doat,
On Peterloo's blood-letting fondly gloat ;
Traduce the living, mock the mighty dead,
E'en from the tomb they fill your souls with dread ;
Fox still inspires, and rallies Freedom's friends,
And Romilly his strength to justice lends ;
Sydney still rules in many a Briton's breast,
And Hampden, in Burdett, stands full confest.

Pursue them, then, with all your wildest flame,
And add another glory to their name;
Make the isle ring with ultra-loyal cries,
And frighten children with conspiracies.
In your Redeemer's name, t' avert confusion,
Call down the fiery sword of persecution,
And, vaunting Christian charity, conspire
To torture all, who to free thought aspire.
Let none on Ministers unpunish'd rail,
Let none their country's liberty bewail;
Make all who hold their bosom's quiet dear,
And an unspotted reputation, fear!
They, who would lend their willing hands to chains,
May dread a wounded name's unwonted pains;
And they who'd die with courage in the field,
In fear of calumny, may tamely yield.
So frighted Truth shall fly the darken'd land,
And Liberty forsake her fav'rite strand!
England, on Austria's model work'd, shall know,
No laws, save those from loyal lips which flow;[86]

So C—t—bury, deck'd with triple crown,
Shall keep, a second Pope, Sectarians down;
On bayonets and gibbets propp'd, the throne
A sway unlimited and sure shall own:
While pensions, sinecures, and rank shall grace,
Beyond their utmost hopes, the sons of place:—
The people, slaves, their revels shall supply,
Pay tax and tithe, and paying, starve and die!

CXLII.

"A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear this tell-tale rail!
This wretch, too vile to live upon the crumbs,
Which fall from Placemen's boards when they regale.
By Jove! he envies us our scanty sums
(So small they scarce can keep us from a jail);[87]
Unless we find some gag to stop such railleries,
Adieu to pensions, perquisites, and salaries!"

CXLIII.

" Oh! Dominic![87]* what wicked times are these!
Hark! how the wretch blasphemes his King and God!
These ravings of the Press, which still increase,
The near approach of Antichrist forebode.
Yes, the rogue envies us our surplice fees,
Great and small tithes, and all that heav'n bestow'd!
Where is its thunder? where, oh law! thy sting?
Who cries no Bishop, means no God, no King.— [88]

CXLIV.

" Yes, pass more acts, fine, banish, flog, and hang
Our glorious Constitution is invaded.
The saucy traitor, one of Cartwright's gang,
Would feign persuade us that our freedom's faded.
Would on close boroughs lay reforming fang,—
Trust him, and we shall soon be all Jack-Caded—
Reform! why Lord John Russell's was complete!
Did he not drive Manasseh from his seat?"

CXLV.

Thus would " the crab" have sung, and thus replied
Priests, placeman, and corruptionists in fury;
" The Constitutional" would have him tried,
And smuggle their own members on the Jury;
Two years in Ilchester he might abide,[89]
(For libel, that's the time they now immure ye);
The sheriff seize his goods, and by so doing,
Obtain five pounds, and—the defendant's ruin.[90]

CXLVI.

This makes me very glad to find, I made
The crab's diatribe quite hypothetical,
Or else, perhaps, he'd paid for what he said,
And left his satire to become pathetical.
In his shoes standing, I should be afraid
Lest the Attorney's prose should pay my metrical
Ill-speaking of the hyper-loyal crew,
Who write the State's opponents black and blue.

CXLVII.

Yes, I'm well pleased in safety to resume
The playful muse's easy slip-shod measure;
Which, though it serves us not to fret and fume,
To play the fool in, is a perfect treasure.
Placemen and priests I'll leave to Mr. Hume,
Who gives to Ministers but little leisure;
And that's the reason why they cheer and hoot him,
And why they want some Tory friend to shoot him.

CXLVIII.

In all political and state affairs.
There's nothing like a pistol for deciding;
When Opposition chiefs are shewing airs,
A ball will stop the harshest censors chiding.
It is not ev'ry idle talker dares
The close debate (twelve paces off) be tried in;
In county contests, too, like bribe or treat,
A ball will certainly vacate the seat.

CXLIX.

But *à propos* to Hume and his dry summing,
His frequent calls for papers and economy;
Night after night on th' estimates still drumming,
Or censuring the guardsmen for gastronomy;
If he's not silenced, spite of all our mumming,
He'll lengthen ev'ry placeman's physiognomy;
With sinecures and pensions toppling down,
" The necessary influence o' th' crown."—

CL.

Yes, this retrenching plan of late admired,
I own it makes me sometimes quite uneasy;
For should the House, of low'ring rentals tired,
Adopt it (and it seems a little queasy),
How could ye then contrive to pay the hired,
Who keep in awe the wits, that else might tease ye?
Think, P—l, how, dock'd of cash, they'd look askance,
And cry, " no longer pipe, no longer dance."

CLI.

Have you not mark'd when Sirius rules the sky,
And parching droughts exhale the scanty dew,
When silenced rills withhold the stream's supply,
The mill stands still, the miller nought can do?
Have you not seen, when winds from heaven die,
Th' inconstant vane, no longer pointing true?
So hirelings pause, or rat, when guineas vanish;
Their muse and inspiration are—the Spanish,[91]

CLII.

Methinks I hear the Poet's voice decline
"To piping treble," as the sack runs low;
St—t once more to Jacobins incline,
The Courier hot and cold alternate blow.
Less virulent, I see the smug divine,
Some slight respect for independence shew;
The Quarterly the time's distresses feel,
And as supplies diminish, grow genteel.

CLIII.

No, the imagination there runs wild,
The Quarterly can never reach gentility;
Starvation makes not the hyena mild,
Nor gives refinement to a base nobility.
G—d remains detraction's fav'rite child,
True to his calling with the rock's stability;
Come what come may, while life shall hold, the creature
Shall still hiss on;—it is the reptile's nature.

CLIV.

'Tis not enough, a people should be happy,
Victorious, wealthy, prosp'rous, great and free,[92]
A discontented set of Whigs might trap ye
To doubt the wisdom of the Ministry,
Unless state Journals with their bladders flap ye,
And offer you their spectacles to see.
'Tis they alone, our thoughts in order dressing,
Convince us debts and taxes are a blessing.[93]

CLV.

Left to their own plain sense, no more directed,
On the "Pitt system" folks might change their mind;
The Opposition speeches, undissected,
The people to their interest might blind:
While certain men, their daily faults detected,
Might find the nation something less than kind,
The "jolterheads," averse to vote supplies,
And landlords open to their tenants' cries.

CLVII.

Without the Treas'ry Journals, who could guess
The vast prosperity of our finances?
Or dream that Agricultural Distress,
And falling rents, are little more than fancies?
Though Lond-nd-ry ev'ry subject press,
On which his "poet's eye in frenzy glances;"
While jarring metaphors, in chaos hurl'd,
Reknitting, form his new ideal world;[94]

CLVII.

Or though the Doctor, having first suspended
The *Habeas Corpus*,—to preserve things quiet,
Had ev'ry gloomy fellow apprehended,
Who by petitioning might breed a riot,
And (when in gaol to have his manners mended)
Doom him to close confinement by his *fiat*;
For gagg'd and pinion'd, when folks ar'n't complaining,
That they're contented, may still want explaining;[95]

CLVIII.

Without the Treas'ry Journals, who'd believe
That Turkish allies mend our Christianity?
And that, by butchering the Greeks, they give
An edifying lesson of humanity!
While Moslem tyrants all our aid receive,
Would not folks deem our missionaries vanity?
Zeal for religion mere hypocrisy,
And vice-suppressing meetings—all my eye?

CLIX.

Who would not judge, by things abroad they do,
Our M-n-st-rs rank Papists in their heart?
Their love of the Establishment a go?
So warmly they defend each priestly art!
One almost sees them kissing the Pope's toe
(Faith I'd near said a more ignoble part);
But Courtly Journals teach that this same Pope,
Is "vital Christianity's" last hope.

CLX.

'Tis they alone can prove to us so wittily
That, though in Ireland Catholics are bad,
Monks and Inquisitors may do in Italy,
The best friends that religion ever had.
Abroad, they teach the people very prettily,
Though here, they make them with their Sov'reign mad.
Therefore, at home, we shun emancipation,
But force the Pope on ev'ry foreign nation.[96]

CLXI.

I own I should be puzzled to discover
The deep designs of L-nd-nd-rry's pate,
(Though, of his Ministry an ardent lover,
I've followed all he's said and done of late,
While on the Continent he dwelt a rover,
And while at home engaged in close debate :)
Did not the Treas'ry Scribes, so close and clever,
Give us the reason of each new endeavour.

CLXII.

Else had I often deem'd the M-rq-s thought
Sufficient for the coming day its ill ;
That only, as occasion rose, he sought
By fresh expedients the new gap to fill ;
So that, when time the quarter-day had brought,
He might not want the grist to work his mill.
But journals prove at ev'ry new convention,
His flounderings still *miss* the same intention.

CLXIII.

Since, then, our British brains are grown so dull,
Since we can only go in leading strings,
Since we are so inclined to play the fool,
A court newspaper is the best of things;
For if the Courier, Morning Post, John Bull,
With all our loyal Poet Laureate sings,
Should cease to keep us from each false delusion,
What's to prevent us from a revolution?

CLXIV.

Folks would no more be found to go to church,
They'd all be running to the play and alehouse;
The fundlords would be all left in the lurch,
We "*look'd for*", and have nobody to bail us.
The schoolboys get possession of the birch,
And radicals successfully assail us;
While population, pressing each day harder,
Would eat up all the victuals in the larder.

CLXV.

The Bible, though of God the revelation,
Containing all things needful to the soul,
To lead us in the right way to salvation,
And guide, just as the bias bends the bowl,
Framed e'en by heav'n to last the world's duration,
Were useless, if the press we don't control;
Should hirelings cease to prove its doctrines true,
Though penn'd by heav n itself, 'twould never do.

CLXVI.

Is then the work, the product of infinity,
Composed so ill, and with so much obscurity,
That, not explain'd by Doctors in Divinity,
We lose the chance it offers of futurity?
Stands safety in our Hebrew, Greek, Latinity?
Must *man* bring heav'n's intentions to maturity?
And must we think (which certainly seems odd)
That Carlile can undo the works of God?

CLXVII.

I own I never could indulge such fears :
In this dilemma placed, we have to choose,
Either the book, inspired, needs not our cares,
Or not inspired, assent we may refuse.
A zeal to punish sceptics, too much bares
Doubts of our own, and apprehension shews ;
But, as the Church says otherwise, I yield,
And place my faith beneath the law's broad shield.[97]

CLXVIII.

This, though, I know (and let who will deny)
But for the hirelings who uphold the throne,
Who all the Opposition's arts defy,
The best metaphysicians ever known,
The people right from wrong could not descry :
Men are but children to full stature grown;
And how should children know, without instruction,
What does them good, or what leads to destruction?

CLXIX.

Therefore, once more I say, should cash run fine,
And Ministers no more afford to pay,—
Should hirelings, thus unfeed, become supine,
Nor dole their doctrines out, from day to day,—
The Courier from its loyalty decline,
The Chronicle, uncheck'd, have its own way,
Actum est! ilicet! the game is over!
No M-n-stry can longer--live in clover!

CLXX.

The bread no more would rise in bakers' ovens,
(What's worse) it would not rise so much in price,
Our sprucest Dandies would be turn'd to slovens,
The butchers' shops would teem with large blue flies,[98]
Our tender maids would all be changed to tough ones,
Places would fail in Customs and Excise;
Danger would fall both upon church and steeple,
And gaols hold M-n-st-rs, and not the people.

CLXXI.

In short, I cannot think on the disorder,
Which from this revolution must ensue;
Morality, religion, social order,
Our glorious Constitution 'twould undo:
Each churl would cock his hat before a lord,
Knock down his hares—provided he aims true;
Our ports would all fill up, our ships lie idle,
And rebel horses would refuse the bridle.

CLXXII.

Turn'd out of office, and deprived of place,
I wonder how the M-n-st-rs would eat!
Or how bestir them in their hopeless case;
I fear they've hardly νους to *earn* their meat;
Accustom'd long to *take*, they'd want the face
To beg; and, pow'rless, nobody would treat.
Though used to serve, yet service would forsake them,
For, *with their characters*, pray who would take them?

CLXXIII.

Methinks V—s-tt—t, turn'd upon the world,
By picking pockets, might attain renown;
And, L-nd-nd-rry from his greatness hurl'd,
As auctioneer might prose, and pose the town,[99]
Great W-ll-ngt-on, his conqu'ring standard furled,
Might wander, a prize-fighter, up and down;
And should all arts escape the doctor's reach,
His taste he still might humour—*as Jack Ketch.*

CLXXIV.

A decent college tutor P—l might turn,
And L-v-rp—l write pamphlets for "the Row;"
Eld-n a pretty livelihood might earn,
By weeping at an Irish Ulaloo.
B-th-rst in vain would try new trades to learn,
His years too many, and his wits too few;
C-n—g as Buffo still might run his rigs,
And L—d L—t—nt T-lb-t still—feed pigs.

CLXXV.

But from such times, as these good Lord deliver us !
The common folks alone are made for work,
Placemen, we know, though animals omnivorous,
Are less disposed to bus'ness than a Turk ;[100]
Sooner may heav'n send lightning down to shiver us,
Than give us to the multitud'nous pork[101]
Who on the altar and the throne would trample,
And set all Europe a most foul example.

CLXXVI.

Sooner than so, come Fate into the field[102]
And champion us to th' utterance, say I;
Is it for this, we made Napoleon yield
And sent him to that barren isle to die?
Is it for this, with taxes we were peel'd
The better to defend our property?
Is it for this, we bid the world defiance,
And join'd with despots in unbless'd alliance?

CLXXVII.

For this, hatch'd treason, ending all in smoke?
Kydd, Bonney, Thelwall, and the rest indicting;
While Pitt *th' immaculate*, to hang Horne Tooke,
Scarcely remember'd e'en his own hand-writing:
For this, once tried Burdett's seditious book,
And Hone's three times, for parodies too biting?
Pass'd the Six Acts, and Minister's indemnity?
And forgers hung by troops with such solemnity?

CLXXVIII.

Is it for this, as Cruickshank's print displays,
We turn'd the Constitution upside down?
(A pyramid reversed, unfix'd it sways
By guns and sword supported on its crown);
And coax'd the soldiers in so many ways,
While a post captain's treated like a clown?
Gave spies such honorable notoriety?
And sent our pound notes to the Vice Society?

CLXXIX.

Is it for this, from servants taking pence,
We buy so many Bibles to distribute?
Which being pawn'd, the money taken thence
Is to the gin-shop paid, a ready tribute.
Thus, of religion giving folks a sense,
We make a man superior to a he-brute;
For asses, as we know, are driv'n by blows,
But your good Christian's better led by th' nose.

CLXXX.

Is it for this, in short, in ev'ry clime
The foes of liberty, we're rarely hated?
Condemn'd to be recorded through all time,
The veriest suicides G-d e'er created?
Attacking reason with a rage sublime,
Just as by mastiff dogs a bull is baited:
In Holland, Parga, Genoa, or Saxony,
To strengthen tyrants, spending all our tax-money.

CLXXXI.

No, though the nation sink beneath its load,
Though ploughs be left to trace no more their furrows,
Though manufacture quit her loved abode,
And no trade thrive, save that in rotten boroughs;
Though Radicals, by loyal yeomen mow'd,
Find in our swords a cure for all their sorrows,
And gibbets end the few our soldiers spare,—
To save the system, this and more we'll dare.[103]

CLXXXII.

If to ourselves but constant we behave us,
In "the stern path of duty" firmly tread,
Our "pilot" from this second "storm" shall save us,
And knock all opposition on the head.
The rabble, with petitions though they brave us,
Shall soon be taught to know when they're well fed;
The poor we still will drive, the rich we'll pigeon,
Huzza! God bless old England, and religion!

CLXXXIII.

Cheer up, cheer up once more, ye venal crew,
Let not vain fears your firm intentions warp,
With gall additional your ink fresh brew,
And point your quill as the stiletto sharp;
Teem forth each day, each hour, with venom new,
And with more sophistry at freedom carp;
Storm, rage, cajole, snarl, fawn, crawl, scratch, and bite,
Cant, slander, and revile,—in one word,—write.

CLXXXIV.

What though our navy wholly be reduced,
The sailors to America retreated,
Still must the Opposition be traduced,
Still must the friends of freedom be defeated;
Still must Reformers daily be abused,
The Q—n, though dead, be libell'd and ill-treated:
For hireling scribblers still we'll keep our pence,
A nation's surest, cheapest, best defence.

CLXXXV.

What though our clerks, at fifty pounds a year
Be turn'd adrift, to beg or starve i' th' streets,
He who can write a pamphlet need not fear,
Who pens reviews a certain market meets.
From the poor printer's devil to the peer,
All who contribute to the Treas'ry sheets,
While loans can be procured or taxes laid,
The bulwarks of the State, shall still be paid.

CLXXXVI.

So shall all principles become unfixed,
All words detach'd, and loose from certain meaning;
Virtue and vice,—all contraries—be mixed,
And all reality be lost in seeming;
Tory and Whig the sole criterions fix'd,
Of right and wrong, and thought be turn'd to dreaming;
Sense, wit, and spirit shall be contraband,
And universal darkness rule the land.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 14, line 1.

Ope where you will the babbling page of history.

" C'est ainsi qu'on écrivit l'histoire dans ces temps où le changement de la religion donna une nouvelle face à l'Empire Romaine. Grégoire de Tours ne s'est point écarté de cette méthode; et on peut dire que jusqu'à Guichardin et Machiavel nous n'avons pas eu une histoire bien faite."

Voltaire, Mœurs, vol. ii. ch. x.

" Il faut avouer que l'histoire, ainsi que la physique, n'a commencé à se débrouiller que sur la fin du seizième siècle. La raison ne fait que de naître."—*Ibid.* ch. viii.

" Dreams, lies and absurdities are all we find in searching into early times."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

Note 2, page 14, line 9.

Truth from the court was driven by servility.

" Suadere principi quod oporteat multi laboris, assentatio erga principem quemcunque sine affectu peragitur."

Tacit., lib. 1. Hist.

O verità nasconditi, và via,
A corte non osar mostrarti mai,
Se aver non vuoi persecuzioni e quai.
Gli Animali Parlanti.

Note 3, page 14, line 12.

And banished it their pleadings long ago.

"Le finzioni s'introdussero in fraude delle leggi, per eludere le loro prescrizioni, e per estenderle a que' casi de' quali non avevano espressamente parlato."

"Legal fictions were introduced to evade the laws, or to extend them to cases concerning which they are silent."—*Delfico Richerche sul vero Carattere della Giurisprud. Romana.*

"L'antica giurisprudenza tutta fu poetica, la quale fingeva i fatti, non fatti; i non fatti, fatti; nati, gli non nati ancora; morti i viventi; i morti vivere nelle loro giacenti eredità, &c. &c."

"The ancient jurisprudence was altogether poetic, composed of fictions, which made facts of what never happened, and imagined things to have occurred which never took place; feigned children to have been born who were yet in the womb, considered the dead living, and the living dead."

Vico Principj della Scienza nuova.

This subtle and mischievous invention of the Roman lawyers forms so prominent a feature of our own laws, that it is impossible for any plain unprofessional man to follow the pleadings. Our properties and rights consequently are wholly placed at the discretion of men interested in keeping them in

eternal jeopardy; and the commonest transactions cannot safely be undertaken without an attorney at our elbows.

See Blackstone, b. iii. ch. 2, *on Ejectment.*

Note 4, page 14, line 16.

Fine and imprison it for breach of peace.

" E si repete ognor che non ti lice,
Dir vero, e palesar cio che hai nel cuore,
E che del vero periglioso in vece
Dei secondar lo stabilito errore;
Error dell' ordin social sostegno,
E del riposo pubblico e del regno." *Casti, ubi supra.*

Note 5, page 17, line 1.

The moral hidden in this ancient tale.

The literal interpretation of the first three chapters of Genesis has been abandoned by too many of the fathers and early authorities of the church, to make any elaborate apology necessary for the liberty here taken with the subject *so considered.* Celsus, who viewed the story only in its literal sense, called it plainly an old woman's tale μύθον τινα ὡς γραυσὶ διηγούμενον; and the orthodox Origen found no better way to meet the criticism than by the assertion of its allegorical meaning, ὅτι μετὰ τροπολογίας ταῦτα εἴρηλαί. To which, indeed, Celsus himself assents, where he says, οἱ ἐπιεικέστεροι Ἰουδαίων καὶ Χριστιανῶν ἐπὶ τούτοις αἰσχυνόμενοι, πειρῶνται πως ἀλληγορεῖν αὐτά. To those, however, who think otherwise, and are disposed to defend the letter of the text, I reply, with Dr. Burnet (to whose learned Archæologiæ Philosophicæ I

am indebted for the above cited passages). "Qui si mecum perpendere velint primorum seculorum usum et genium, præcipue gentium orientalium; quibus moris erat per symbola, similitudines et parabolas sua placita et doctrinas tradere; res antiquissimas eo modo explicanti, si non consentient, saltem non irascentur."

Note 6, page 18, line 9.

When few by gallows-verse were saved a caper.

The "neck-verse," read by felons to prove their right to benefit by clergy.

Note 7, page 19, line 5.

By nought disturbed, save her own "sacring bell."

"I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal."

Henry VIII., act iii. sc. 2.

Note 8, page 20, line 8.

And write him, "fledged and wigg'd at fifty-six."

See "*Fudge Family.*"

Note 9, page 21, line 4.

Rob for themselves, and for the Baron too.

"C'étoit en Allemagne (sous Frédéric II.) un tems d'anarchie et de brigandage, qui dura long-temps. Ce brigandage s'étoit tellement accru que les Seigneurs comptaient parmi leurs droits, celui d'être voleurs de grand chemin dans leurs territoires et de faire de la fausse monnoie."

Voltaire, Mœurs, ch. lii.

" Qual mente humana può capire, qual legge deí huomini vuole, qual giustizia di Dio comanda, che 'l guadagnar con la mercantantia per se, sia riputata cosa vergognosa, il rubar con le armi per altri sia creduto essercitio honorato."—*Boccalini.*

" What mind can imagine, what law desire, what divine justice command, that to traffic for our own profit shall be esteemed disgrace, while to rob for others by force of arms shall be deemed honourable!"

Note 10, page 21, line 10.

I've seen a list that occupied some pages.

In Winspeare's " Storia degli Abusi Feudali" may be seen a list of feudal dues claimed by the Neapolitan barons, which occupies sixty pages of large octavo.

Note 11, page 22, line 4.

The vassals beat his ponds the live-long night.

This service was due in some parts of France before the Revolution.

Note 12, page 22, line 8.

But call'd in joking France—Le droit de Seigneur.

Called also droit de cuissage. " Ce droit étrange s'étendit en Ecosse, en Lombardie, en Allemagne, et dans les provinces de France : voilà les mœurs qui régnaient dans le temps des Croisades."—*Voltaire, ubi supra.*

Note 13, page 23, line 2.

Arm'd with the double sword of earth and heaven.

" En France et en Allemagne plus d'un évêque allait au combat avec ses serfs."

" Hugues, un des fils de Charlemagne, forcé jadis à être moine, devenu depuis Abbé de St. Quentin, fut tué devant Toulouse avec l'Abbé de Ferrière : deux évêques y furent faits prisonniers."—*Voltaire, Mœurs,* vii.

Note 14, page 23, line 5.

Like bold St. Peter, when no more he'd fish up.

The devil, it is said, can quote Scripture. So the example of St. Peter (for St. John says it was he who cut off the ear) has been much followed for the purposes of holy ambition, notwithstanding the reproof it met with, and the warning πάντες γὰρ οι λαβόντες μάχαιραν ἐν μαχαίρᾳ ἀπολοῦνται.

Note 15, page 24, line 2.

And ravag'd in the royal game of war.

War is a game at which, were subjects wise,
Few kings could play.

Note 16, page 24, line 14.

Knocks at the gate, nor lends a patient ear.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. *Hor.*

Note 17, page 26, line 8.

To the mere bounds of writing and of reading.

" A me basta che i miei suggetti sappiano leggere e scrivere."
Speech of the Emperor of Austria to the Institute at Milan.—See Lady Morgan's Italy.

Note 18, page 26, line 13.

While wand'ring Charles, neglected and distress'd.

" On sait quelle table le bon homme (St. Alban's) tenoit à Paris, tandis que le Roi son maître mouroit de faim à Bruxelles, et que la Reine mère, sa maîtresse, ne faisoit pas grande chère en France."—*Mém. de Grammont.*

Note 19, page 26, line 16.

Barter'd three goodly kingdoms for a mass.

" Quand je cherche un rime pour Guillaume,
Je trouve qu'il a conquis son royaume ;
Quand je cherche un rime pour Jacques,
Je trouve qu'il a fait—ses pâques."

Note 20, page 27, line 7.

And a most trait'rous impious convention.

These epithets are applied by anticipation. In this current 1822, it is still decent to affect an admiration of the Convention Parliament ; but woe to him who, presuming on the precedent, shall claim for the people the right to be well governed, or shall justify the revolutions of Spain and Portugal against the attacks of legitimacy. He will most assuredly be calumniated in *The Courier*, misrepresented by *The Quarterly Review*, preached to sleep by *The British Critic*, and regularly assassinated in reputation twice a week by that most moral of all the Caryatides of the throne and the altar, *The John Bull.*

Note 21, page 28, line 4.

And Galileo's tube spoil'd much theology.

Chi studiò teologia dogmatica
Sa ben che qualsisia religione
(Del dogma parlo sol, non della pratica),
Star insieme non può colla ragione;
Che se ragion è in ciò che talun crede,
Persuasion dee dirsi allor, non fede.

Gli. An. Parl., canto 17, *l.* 6.

Note 22, page 29, line 5.

He practis'd on the king by such illusion.

I. e. Louis the XVth.

Note 23, page 29, line 8.

And hunger set them for themselves a carving.

This idea is taken from a *jeu d'esprit* of the celebrated French *chansonnier*, Berenger, of which the following is an extract:

" Pour le carême, écoutez
Ce mandement, très-chers frères,
Et les grands vérités
Que débitent vos vicaires ;
Si l'on rit de ce morceau,
C'est la faute de Rousseau ;
Si l'on nous siffle en chaire,
C'est la faute de Voltaire.

Tous nos maux sont advenus
D'Arouet et de Jean Jacques,

Satan, qui les avoit lus,
Ne faisoit jamais ses pâques ;
Eve aima le fruit nouveau,
C'est la faute de Rousseau ;
Cain tua son frère,
C'est la faute de Voltaire.

Note.—Soon after the return of Louis XVIII. the Archbishop of Paris published a *mandement* against Rousseau and Voltaire, of which the above is a sort of parody.

Note 24, page 33, line 12.

And gain'd another pension for his pains.

" Che se dell' arte loro volevano servirsi con l'ordinario loro interessato fine, di maggiormente ubbediente e pronto all' essecuzione di quelle cose che desideravano render la plebe ignorante, monstrandole che a' comandamenti degli uomini concorreva il voler di Dio, sapessero che Parnasso non era stanza di quelli sciocchi," &c. &c.

Boccalini, Rigguaglio di Parnasso.

" That if they wished to direct their art to their accustomed purposes of self-interest, and attempt to render the ignorant people more obedient and prompt to execute the desires of their masters, by shewing them that the commands of the authorities are conformable to the will of God, they might remember that Parnassus is no place for, &c. &c."

Note 25, page 37, line 1.

Grey, Holland, Lansdowne, would to Heav'n that Fate.

To name a few, where many are conspicuous, may seem invidious ; but what is to be done with men, whose names

(however great their virtues) *in versu dicere non est.* It is scarcely necessary to add that the author, in deriving the superior energy of the British nobility from the democratic principle accidentally infused into their institution, coincides perfectly with the theory of the Constitution, which regards the House of Peers, in its essence, as a balance-wheel to moderate the impetus of the more popular assembly towards innovation. In point of fact, the House of Lords, as a body, seems behind the illumination of the age, at least if we may judge from the general tone of its debates, its fondness for half measures, and its attachment to time-honoured abuses. All this, however, under the correction of his Majesty's Attorney-General: for "nothing is but *law doth* make it so;" and to the law, and the opinions of its authorities, we must, like good subjects, submit.

Note 25, page 37, last line.

Or thy invectives, Ch—n—vix, on France.

In the Edinburgh Review.

Note 26, page 38, line 13.

To earn distinction by our sense and spirit.

"S'il est heureux d'avoir de la naissance, il ne l'est pas moins d'être tel qu'on ne s'informe plus si vous en avez."

La Bruyere.

"Generari et nasci a principibus fortuitum, nec ultra æstimatur."—*Tac. Hist.* 1.

Note 27, page 40, line 11.

Derived from every Baron since the flood.

"That crept through scoundrels," &c.—*Pope.*

Note 28, page 40, line 11.

For argument and sense, with Dean Swift's "Draper."

"The Draper's Letters" were very ill judged. Wood's patent was calculated to be highly beneficial to Ireland, by supplying a copper circulation, at that time greatly wanted. As to the general merits of political pamphleteers, there is far less abuse and calumny in the writers of the present day (excepting always those under the protection of the Tr—s—ry) than in those of the olden time.

Note 29, page 41, line 8.

When hoisted on Hone's Matrimonial Ladder.

The existence of what is called the Radical Press is a necessary consequence of the state of parties in Parliament. For in politics, as in magnetism, one pole cannot be affected without a corresponding change in the other; and the ultra speculations concerning reform, are closely allied with ultra obstinacy in resisting every amelioration. The indifference of the upper classes to constitutional points, excites the turbulence of the humbler orders. Let the parliamentary opposition shew itself in earnest, and it would take from the hostility of the press all its acrimony and all its danger.

Note 30, page 42, line 15.

Doubts on immense taxation's vast utility.

The question of the operation of taxes can only be doubted by one whose too much learning has made him mad. When a private man's estate is found more productive by being saddled with a jointure, then may a nation be esteemed the

richer, for being obliged to support three or four armies of non-productive placemen.

Note 31, page 42, last line.

Or hints upon the Sinking Fund's futility.

Of these accusations against the press, it may be observed, " Che anco negli animi ben composti e lontanissimi da ogni bruttura, scandolo molto maggiore cagionavano certi oscenissimi *libri viventi* che caminavono per le strade." *Boccalini, Ragguagli di Parnasso.*—"That even to the best disposed and most loyal mind, certain *living books* that swarm about the streets, (*Tr-as-ry and P-rli-m-nt-house*) occasion greater scandal, and tend more to a breach of the peace than all the libels ever printed."

Note 31, page 44, line 2.

That C—nn—g ne'er had found his way to Lisbon.

Please to observe, reader, that corruption here applies to the system, and not personally to the individual. That individual's public conduct is sufficiently before the public. If, therefore, a charge against him were founded, it would be unnecessary; while a false accusation would refute itself.

Note 32, page, 44 line 10.

That useful art in states the art of joking.

E fe' veder che l' arte del Buffone
Con destrezza impiegata, a tempo e loco,
Val di qualunque merto al paragone,
E a far sorte talor giova non poco.

Gli. An. Parlanti, cant. 4, 91.

Note 33, page 44, line 11.

Grave, reverend blockheads are too apt to call you.

Eh ! qui ne connoît pas la gravité des sots ?

Chenier, Epître à Voltaire.

Note 34, page 47, line 8.

Made perfect by a gen'ral innovation.

We may apply to this Congress a passage written on another occasion: " Beaucoup de maux sont avenus à cause de ce changement, qui troublera l'intelligence des histoires et gauchira toute la mappe monde."

Note 35, page 47, line 11.

The Gr-nv-les' weighty *aid, who aye refuse.*

This family, by their tergiversations and coalitions, and by the sums of money they have wrung from the State, may be thought to have done more to ruin the Whigs with the people, to beget a contempt for public men, and a rancorous feeling towards the great, than any other circumstance in the history of the times.

Note 36, page 47, last line.

Like Aristippus, still they're in their places.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res. *Hor.*

Note 38, page 48, line 11.

Corruption raised the Protestant ascendancy.

The " Protestant ascendancy" in Ireland, the synonyme for every petty oppression, for exclusive loyalty, and bigotted and factious religion.

Note 39, page 50, line 8.

Force them to hear a speech from Justice B—l—y.

The custom of adding admonitions at the time of passing sentence, seems inapplicable to the case of political offences. By the party addressed they can only be regarded as assumptions of the whole point in dispute; and when the defendant (as he generally will) believes himself enlisted in the cause of patriotism, and views his conviction as so much support given to corruption, he cannot but think the strictures applied to his case a mere piece of state mummery; at best foolish, and, but too probably, hypocritical. A very few exceptions apart, political offenders always think themselves *morally* right. How then can the judicial character fail to lose, by an assumption of superiority which must be disputed; and by an argument addressed to one who dare not reply, founded upon premises which he cannot admit? On the other hand, a question arises, how far these severe censures are not an aggravation of punishment, beyond what is contemplated by the law. They are a sort of moral flogging and pillory, which, to many minds, would be more unbearable than the fine and imprisonment that make the ostensible sentence.

Note 40, page 53, line 15.

Paine, Byron, Bentham, Burdon, Ensor, Hone.

The outcry against Hone's reprint of the Apocryphal Gospels is most unreasonable. Whatever might have been his intentions, these works form a link in the chain of Ecclesiastic History, essential to a fair judgment of the true Gospels. To keep them out of circulation is a *suppressio veri*, which casts a

suspicion on the sincerity of that belief, which fears to be disturbed by the intrusion of a new light.

Note 41, page 55, line 9.

This practice much prevailed in former times.

" Περὶ μὲν θεων οὐκ ἔχω εἰδέναι εἴθ' ὡς εἰσίν, εἴθ' ὡς οὐκ εἰσίν, πολλὰ γαρ τὰ κωλύοντα εἰδέναι ἤ, τὲ ἀδηλότης, καὶ βραχὺς ὢν ὁ βίος τῦ ἀνθρώπυ.

Διὰ τάυτην δὲ τὴν ἀρχην τῦ συγγράμματος ἐξέβληθη (ὁ Πρωταγόρος) προς Ἀθενάιων καὶ τὰ βιβλια ἀυτυ κατέκαυσαν ἐν τῆ ἀγορᾶ. *Diog. Laert.*

There is, however, a better story in Livy (*lib.* 40, *cap.* 29.) of books burned on the authority of an oath of the Prætor that they were improper. " Senatus censuit *satis habendum quod Prætor jusjurandum polliceretur.*"

Note 42, page 55, line 10.

Tiberius chasten'd thus fair Clio's pages.

Clio, the muse of history. " Cornelio Cosso, Asinio Agrippa Consulibus, Cremutius Cordus postulatur novo ac tum primum audito crimine, quod editis annalibus laudatoque Marco Bruto, C. Cassium Romanorum ultimum dixisset. Vitam abstinentia finivit; libros per ædiles cremandos censuere patres." *Tacit. Ann.* l. iv.

Note 43, page 53, line 13.

Grown wise, condemn'd the poet with his rhymes.

The modern priesthood have only the merit of reducing this practice to a system. It was always a favourite measure upon

great occasions, even *Jove nondum barbato.* " Legimus cum Aruleno Rustico Pætus Thrasea, Herennio Senecioni Priscus Helvidius laudati essent, capitale fuisse ; neque in ipsos modò auctores sed in libros quoque eorum sævitum, delegato triumveris ministerio, ut monimenta clarissimorum ingeniorum in comitio ac foro urerentur. Scilicet illo igne vocem populi Romani, et libertatem senatus, et conscientiam generis humani aboleri arbitrabantur."—*Tacit. in Vita Agricola.*

The attempt to master conscience succeeded better with the priesthood than with the Roman emperors, because the attack was more systematic, and more extensively carried on.

Note, page 57, line 6.

Of tricklish truths, when " on the peace" encroaching.

Quære ? " Quella tranquillità stagnante, favorevole egualmente alla corruzione ed al dispotismo ?"

" That stagnant tranquillity, equally favorable to corruption and despotism ?"

Note 44, page 57, line 15.

The pater *might for blasphemy be fined.*

From the malice of constructive interpretation, nothing is safe. The Lord's Prayer has, I think by Menage, been shown to be susceptible of sinister interpretations in all its clauses. Thus, " which art in heaven" may be treated as liable to objection, and heterodox, inasmuch as to assign to God a " local habitation," is to deny that he is omnipresent. Then as to the Decalogue, every article may be made a libel ; should the Prince unfortunately be in the habit of breaking it.

Note 45, page 59, line 1.

None but a thorough quintessential brain.

" Questi professori vanno ad acquistare un carattere morale perverso ed un carattere intellettuale incerto e falso; poiche col continuo disputare indifferentemente pel giusto a per l'ingiusto, queste idee diventano indifferenti; e si perdono nel animo e nel cuore i principj, che la natura vi ha fondati e che le leggi e l'educazione devono migliorare e rischiarare."

Delfico, ubi supra.

" These professions acquire a perverse moral character, and a false and uncertain intellect, by their continual disputations indifferently in favor of right or of injustice; and they banish both from their head and heart, those principles which, being planted by nature, education should enlarge and enlighten."

Note 46, page 59, line 8.

And then, to utter it had found the conscience.

The sophistry of the maxim which asserts " the greater the truth the greater the libel," is plain to any intellect, not steeped in law, and callous to the distinction of right and wrong. That the tendency towards a breach of the peace (the absurd pretext for this mode of reasoning) is not in reality the *corpus delicti*, is evident from this simple fact, that in ordinary cases in which the peace is actually broken, and much damage done, the sentences of the courts are scarcely ever so severe, as against the constructional peace disturbers, who write to expose a minister. Nothing in nature can be more opposite than truth and falsehood; except, perhaps, a genuine prerogative lawyer, and a sound-judging, honest man.

Note 47, page 59, last line.

Might cure the most invet'rate itch for scribbling.

Severe libel laws have a direct tendency to embitter political writings, no less than to circulate them more widely.

Cui peccare licet peccat minus; ipsa potestas
Semina nequitiæ languidiora facit. *Ovid, Am.* 3. 7.

εἰ γάρ οἴεσθε, ἀποκλείναντες ἄνθρωπες, ἐπισχήσειν τοῦ ὀνειδίζειν τινὰ ὑμῖν, ὅτί ἐκ ὀρθῶς ζῆτε, ἐ καλῶς διανοεῖσθε.

Plato, Apol. Socrat.

Note 48, page 60, line 2.

That libels are esteem'd "your only" reading.

A humorous member of the Irish bar, being asked if he had read some book, of a very *piquant* character, replied, "no; I never read pamphlets till they are published by the Attorney-General."

Note 49, page 60, line 8.

Folks e'en would read the Lit'rary Gazette.

Of the hypocrisy of this Mohawk, the following extract may, perhaps, convey a pretty accurate notion. It is needless to add, that the Literary Gazette is remarkable for the persevering malignity with which it plies the tomahawk.

"There is surely something very cruel in the way in which individual talent and character are now so apt to be treated by the periodical press. No doubt there is much of pretension, of quackery, and of "humbug," as it is called, to be exposed; but in the self-election to do this, it appears to us that the best feelings, the best interests, and the best principles of human nature, are often infamously outraged by per-

sons presuming to pronounce opinions for the public without inquiry, without knowledge, and without that honest conviction, arrived at through mature investigation, which truth and justice imperiously demand."!!! *Literary Gazette.*

Note 50, page 60, line 11.

With hosts of lawyers in our faith to train us.

Christianity, they tell us, is part of the common law of the land. I wish they would also tell us, whether our Saxon ancestors in the woods of Germany made it so. For if Christianity was *engrafted* on the law, then it must have been that peculiar modification called papistry; and if so, the reformers of the church violated the law. Having settled this point, they should next proceed to define Christianity; about which scarcely any two persons are perfectly agreed. Is it the doctrine of St. Peter, or of St. Paul? of the Bishop of London, of Rome, or of Constantinople? or last, not least, of Mr. Wilberforce? for between each of these, there are material disagreements. In this famous axiom of law there are but two terms; and if both are unsusceptible of definition, what a terrible opening do they make for arbitrary measures! The religion of Christ is in its essence a religion of conscience; the Redeemer forced no dogmas, imposed no shackles on the intellect by temporal inflictions. It is human passion, and human infirmity alone, that demand punishments for errors of judgment. The spirit of persecution which defends opinions with laws, instead of arguments (disguise it as we may), is pure tyranny; and cannot be of heaven. To truth it is useless; to mercy and to justice, odious and abominable.

Note 51, page 64, line 10.

With Orton, Sharp, and Murray, on th' alert.

" Dedimus profectò grande patientiæ documentum et sicut vetus ætas vidit, quid ultimum in libertate esset ; ita nos quid in servitute, ademto per inquisitiones et loquendi audiendique commercio ; memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissimus, si tam in nostrâ potestate esset oblivisci, quàm tacere."

Tacitus, in V. Agricolæ.

Note 52, page 64, last line.

But make all sure, by hanging out false lights.

" Quo est detestabilior istorum immanitas qui lacerarunt omni scelere patriam, et in ea funditus delenda occupati et sunt et fuerunt." *Cicero, de Officiis.*

Note 53, page 66, line 10.

(*I name an hundred, for that Virgil's choice is.*)

" Non mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
" Ferrea vox."

Note 54, page 64, last line.

E'er they could count the number of the hired.

Les flots d'une mer émue,
La foudre pendant la nuit,
Qui d'une chûte imprévue,
Fracasse, abat, détruit
Quelque tour mal soutenue ;
L'ours au désespoir réduit,
Cent chiens fessés dans la rue,
Et cent cochons qu'on tue ;

Ne sont rien auprès du bruit
Dont *leur* voix frap à la nue.
Le Belier du Comte Hamilton.

Note 55, page 67, line 10.

Or sing the praises of the côté droit.

I take it for granted, my reader is too good an Englishman, to speak French with propriety; and to accommodate his ear, I make this adjective rhyme to doit and adroit. Ainsi, messieurs, les François m'en feront grâce.

Note 56, page 67, line 14.

Or scourge the Greeks for being too adroit.

This does not allude to the

Quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ.

Our hirelings have nothing to fear on that score, not even from Baron Munchausen himself. As Sackbut says in the play, they "shall lie with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw."

Note 57, page 68, line 4.

To Naples, Piedmont, Portugal, and Spain.

The example is not lost even on the two first of these.

Note 58, page 68, last line.

Against their want of sinecures and taxes.

The economy of the American Government is a constant reproach to the profligate and wanton waste of public money in England; a satire on the * * * * of the * * * *, and a reflection on the tame cullibility of the people.

Note 59, page 69, line 8.

And the State's "decent splendor" too much humble.

"Est-il Dolope assez pendard,
Myrmidon, d'Ulysse gendarme,
Qui soit assez chiche de larme
Pour n'en verser pas un petit
A ce pitoyable récit?" *Scarron, Virg. Travesti.*

Note 60, page 70, line 2.

When shelter'd in anonymous obscurity.

This remark may appear odd from an anonymous writer. But Satire is necessarily anonymous; more especially when directed against the anonymous. Beside, Satire is always taken with suspicion, while the graver lucubrations of Reviews are received as authoritative and veracious by the uninitiated.

Note 61, page 72, line 1.

While base revilings trickle from his pen.

"Sure I am that they cannot hope to succeed any where else, while they found their merit on *Billingsgate, false quotations, gross misrepresentations,* and an eternal *begging of the question.*" *Oldcastle's Remarks,* 1752.

The Delphic oracle never prophesied half so clearly as honest old Caleb D'Anvers here foretels the coming of the Quarterly and its compeers.

Note 62, page 72, line 8.

And in his notes on "rare old Ben" are seen.

These notes are a moral phenomenon. The Editor is as much heated by interests, already two hundred years in the

tomb, as he is by those of Lord L—d—d—y and Mr. V—s—t—t. Whether he writes of Johnson and Shakespeare, or of Byron and Leigh Hunt, he employs the same *bouquet* of epithets alike in both cases.

Te fingente nefas, Pyladen odisset Orestes,
Thesea Pirithoi destituesset amor;
Tu Siculos fratres, et majus nomen Atridas,
Et Ledæ poteras dissociare genus.

Martial

Note 63, page 73, line 15.

Pert, pompous, dull, the fellow *shews his feeding.*

"Fellow"—Socius, Cantabrigiæ scilicet, sive Oxoniæ.

Note 64, page 74, line 3.

"My grandmother's review," he writes for thee.

See *Don Juan.*

Note 65, page 76, line 4.

And armed alike for journal or debate.

"Equal for both, and armed for either field."

Bobadil says he has left off writing for the newspapers. But as his words, like Malvolio's epistles (not *familiar epistles*), "are no gospels, so it skills not much" whether this verse was written before or after the declaration. Perhaps, now, that he has "achieved greatness," he only dictates paragraphs to a secretary.

Note 66, page 76, line 12.

That breaks confess'd through his sarcastic smile.

Di quel riso terribile ed amaro
D'un pedante chi batte un scolaro.

Note 67, page 76, last line.

Through friendship's heart of heart;—and then betray.

Thereby hangs a tale, and a precious anecdote it is. If the reader is curious to know it, let him apply to some Waterford friend.

Note 68, page 77, last line.

Who would not weep if Marmion *were he?*
Pudet hæc opprobria, &c.—but I forbear.

Λοιδορεῖσθαι δ'ἐ πρέπει
Ἄνδρας ποιητὰς ὥσπερ ἀρτοπώλιδας

Aristoph. Ranæ.

Note 69, page 78, last line.

His stuff for thine, e'en on the merest ass.

The circulation of the John Bull, and the favour which it receives from Ministerial circles, were wanting to give the last touch to the reckless disregard of decency, which marks the borough-mongering faction in all its branches. One loathes one's very nature in remembering the odious hypocrisy and abandoned profligacy exhibited by *men* (if men they can be called who have thrown off all human sympathy and charity), exclaiming against the license of the press, at the same time that they are forwarding a system of calumny, which forces its way into the privacy of domestic circles, to outrage female delicacy, and wound enemies in the persons of their wives and daughters.

Note 70, page 79, line 2.

Reflected, all the vices of the faction.

"We are apt to confine our ideas of faction to such men and such measures as are in opposition to the men in power, and to the measures they take; whereas, in truth, a number of men in power, who exercise it only *for their own private advantage and security*, and who *treat the nation as their farm*, or rather as a country under contribution to them, are as much a faction, as any number of men who under popular pretences endeavour to ruin, or at least to disturb the government, that they may raise themselves."—*Oldcastle's Remarks.*

Note 71, page 79, line 8.

And Manchester's too famed, and murd'rous doings.

"Nonne igitur millies perire est melius quam in sua civitate sine armatorum præsidio non posse vivere? Sed nullum est istuc, mihi crede, præsidium; caritate et benevolentia civium septum opertet esse, non armis."—*Cicero, Phil. II.*

Note 72, page 79, line 15.

There, H——'s morality at large we find.

An official defaulter, who, it is said, tries to purchase forbearance from the guardians of the public purse, by insulting the people, and libelling all the worth and honour of the country.

Note 73, page 80, line 15.

While yet too weak for British transplantation.

Among the writers for the London journals there are many needy young adventurers from Ireland, whose poverty places them too much at the disposal of the agents of corruption.

Note 74, page 80, last line.

He writes in Dublin for a proclamation.

The Dublin journals, besides labouring under the restriction of laws peculiarly severe,* are likewise kept in check by a species of corruption unknown in England. A Treasury journal (as it would be called in London) is said to draw annually from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds of the public money in the shape of payment for proclamations, advertisements, &c. &c. Instances have been known of this money being paid to a journal which did not print twenty copies daily. All the Government papers, indeed, being partizans of the Protestant ascendancy faction, have comparatively very little circulation among a Catholic community. On the other hand, when a paper is openly on the popular side of the question, every effort is made to injure its advertising interests; Masters in Chancery and other public functionaries using their influence with attornies, &c. to direct the current of advertisements away from the offenders.

Note 75, page 85, line 14.

And he who stabs your fame, would take your life.

" Tout libelliste avide
Armé de l'imposture est un lâche homicide,

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* By the law of Ireland, a journalist, twice convicted of libel, can no longer remain proprietor of his newspaper, or embark in any other. Before any one can commence in this business, he must give heavy security to the government for his solvency, in case he should render himself liable to a conviction; thus the offence is punished by anticipation.

Le plus vil a le prix dans un métier si bas ;
Mentir est le talent de ceux qui n'en ont pas ;
Nuire est la liberté qui convient aux esclaves."
Chenier, Discours sur la Calomnie.

Note 76, page 86, last line.

And not the dead from their attacks are free.
Witness the libels on the Bennet family.

Note 77, page 88, line 10.

With prostrate intellects at L-nd-n's call.

The learned Bishop's sermon need not be recalled to the reader's memory. From prostration of intellect the distance is not great to prostration of person. To the prostration of purse, of credit, and of finances, John Bull is already well accustomed. *Macte virtute,* Johnny !

Note 78, page 90, line 4.

Though the world's chiefs once more in safety sup.

" The play's over and we may now go to supper," said the Ministerial prints, in the insolence of their triumph over Napoleon. Let them, however, look to the afterpiece.

Note 79, page 90, line 8.

Thy French, oh ! Cast——h, they understand.

There are many stories of this Minister's mistakes in attempting to speak French, which those who are accustomed to his English, when he *airs his vocabulary* in the H— of C—, will readily credit. They are not, however, *all quite tellible.* At a great dinner of all sorts of ministerial and diplomatic

sublimities, he is said to have shaken the solemn rigidity even of German muscles by toasting *La belle sexe.*

Note 79, page 91, line 12.

Think nothing done, while aught remains to do.
Nil actum reputans, &c. &c.

Note 81, page 93, line 6.

With true no-meaning, can completely poze.
"True no-meaning puzzles more than wit."

Note 82, page 99, line 6.

A patriot and united Irishman.

The "Robert Stewart," signed at the bottom of the following documents, it is, perhaps, needless to say, is the antijacobin friend of Kings, and promoter of the Holy Alliance.

Test required by the Electors of the County of Down, and signed by the Candidates.

We will scrupulously discharge our duty in Parliament, and will be governed by the instructions of our constituents. We will employ, both within and without the House, all our means and all our influence to obtain the success of a Bill to reform the Representation of the People; a Bill to prevent the Pensioners of Government from sitting in Parliament; a Bill to limit the Number of Placemen and Pensioners and to reduce their Salaries; a Bill to protect the personal Liberty of the Subject.

(*Signed*) Edw. Ward,
Robt. Stewart.

We are embarked in a cause much more glorious and important than that of our personal success; we are called, as instruments in your hands, to emancipate our country.

(*Signed*) Edw. Ward,
Robt. Stewart.

Note 83, page 102, line 2.

To strike at once the foes of tithes and taxes.

Ὦ μῖσος, ὅια κἀξ ανευρίσκοις λέγειν,
Θεὰς προτείνων, τὰς θεοὺς ψευδεῖς τιθεῖς.

Sophocl. Philoctet.

Note 84, page 102, last line.

And wants, like Harlequin, "the partridge too."

The witticism of the famous Harlequin is well known to French readers. He attended the supper of the King (Louis XIV.), who, observing his eyes fixed upon some partridges, desired the attendants "to give harlequin that dish;" to which he instantly replied, "and the partridges too, Sire?" The dish was of gold.

Note 85, page 103, line 6.

Divide to reign, and isolate to crush.

"Allons, plats écoliers, maîtres dans l'art de nuire,
Divisant pour régner, isolant pour détruire." *Chenier.*

Note 86, page 104, last line.

No laws, save those from royal lips which flow.

Agreeably to the Roman maxim, "quidquid principi placet legis habet vigorem."

Note 87, page 105, line 14.

(*So small, they scarce can keep us from a jail.*)

It is not surprising that men, reduced to live upon "cheese-parings and candles'-ends," should so frequently become defaulters. The smallness of salaries is proverbially notorious. An Irish wit, who was stinted by his physician to a pint of wine, being reproached with drinking four bottles of claret, and bid to stick to his allowance, replied, "so I do; my pint of Madeira is my salary, and the rest is mere perquisite."

Note 88, page 106, line 8.

"*Who cries no Bishop, means no God, no King.*"

"In tutti i tempi si e abusato delle opinioni religiose per stabilire gli errori e portare i popoli alla schiavitù."

"In all ages religious opinion has been abused, for the purpose of confirming error, and leading mankind to servitude."

Note 89, page 107, line 5.

Two years in Ilchester he might abide.

Hunt's sentence is two years and a half!!

Note 90, page 107, line 8.

Obtain five pounds, and the defendant's ruin.

In the case of Carlile, this was the result.

Note 91, page 110, line 8.

Their muse and inspiration are the Spanish.

Τᾶς τῶν φάυλων συνηθεῖας ὀλιγος χρονος διελύσε.

Isocrat.

Note 92, page 111, line 10.

Victorious, wealthly, prosp'rous, great and free.

The distrust which the partisans of the system shew of public opinion, their efforts to suppress truth, and to "make the worse appear the better cause," are not very complimentary to the measures they affect to admire. Unjust and tyrannical governments alone can have reason to vote themselves in eternal hostility with the people; and any administration which is so, has already judged itself.

Note 93, page 111, last line.

Convince us debts and taxes are a blessing.

Se per coltivar i campi all' agricoltore non si negava il bue, l' aratro e la zappa, se al sarto per tagliare e cucir' i vestimenti si concedeva l' ago e la forfice, ed al fabbro il martello con le tanaglie, per qual cagione alle monarchie toglier si doveva il poter per avvenir', gettar la polvere negli' occhi a' sudditi loro-beneficio il più prestânte, istromento per rettamente governar gli Imperii il più necessario, che politico alcuno giammai habbia saputo inventare, in tutta la ragione del stato anco più eccellente? *Boccalini, Ragguagli, v. i. p.* 318.

"If farmers are allowed their spades, ploughs, and oxen, tailors their needles and scissors, the smith his hammer and pincers, why should monarchs be refused the liberty of throwing dust in the eyes of their subjects, the most serviceable and best instrument of good government that statesmen ever invented?"

Note 94, page 112, last line.

Reknitting, form his new ideal world.

Exempli gratiâ.

"There is no distress in this country which could not be cured, *by a due application of the principle of resurrection.*"

" The proposal to repeal taxes is worse than unavailing; it is delusive; *for it goes to contradict the great causes of nature.*"

" *It is delusive and dangerous to say that distress arises from taxation and not from the hands of Providence, and the great principles of nature ! ! !*"

" THE RESULT OF THE TRUE NATURE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IS, THEREFORE, THIS: THAT NATURE IS THE SOURCE OF RELIEF AND HOPE; AND THAT IT IS THE COURSE OF NATURE WHICH AFFORDS RELIEF IN EVERY EMERGENCY WHICH OCCURS IN THEIR CONDITION." Countrymen of Chatham and of Fox! is this the eloquence which seduces you? Disciples of Locke and of Newton! is this the philosophy which guides you? If you are, indeed, satisfied to accept of this * * * * * * * for your master and leader, you must be content to remain the laughing-stock of every nation, and the tool of every Cabinet; hated in your transient and chance successes, and despised in your certain and inevitable fall.

Note 95, page 113, line 8.

That they're contented, may still want explaining.

La tranquillità pubblica s'annunzia
Là dove non è mai lagno ne sfogo,
E al senso e alla ragion ciascun rinunzia
E docil sottopone il collo al giogo.
Se veder, se parlar, se pensar oso,
Son turbator del pubblico riposo.

Gli Anim. Parlanti, canto 28—93.

Note 96, page 114, line 16.

But force the Pope on ev'ry foreign nation.

The restoration of the Papal court is universally regretted in Italy, even by good Catholics.

Note 97, page 118, line 8.

And place my faith beneath the law's broad shield.

Horne Tooke, when asked his religion, was in the habit of answering, "the Church of England, *as by law established.*" All other creeds profess to qualify men only for heaven; but this qualifies its members for that terrestrial paradise of the elect—*The Red Book.*

Note 98, page 119, line 12.

The butchers' shops would teem with large blue flies.

If Mr. F-tzg-ld's notion (see Rejected Addresses) be correct, this danger may be deemed not very pressing. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered, that though Napoleon be dead, his secret for manufacturing blue-bottle flies, and of so tainting British loyalty by infecting its *fons et origo*, "the *roast beef of old England*," may not have died with him. Indeed, we may confidently expect this state *arcanum* to appear, with many other choice diplomatic secrets, in some of the thousand-and-one political testaments, now preparing in different parts of Europe, for the edification of "the gentle reader."

Note 99, page 121, line 4.

As auctioneer might prose, and pose the town.

His Lordship is something famous already for *hammering out* a speech; and his arguments are occasionally in the *knock 'em down style.* The only point in the parallel that unfortunately does not hold is, that at present he shews no symptoms of—*going.*

Note 100, page 122, line 4.

Are less disposed to bus'ness than a Turk.

A placeman's first business (I speak not of the drudges of office, who, being without influence, work hard and are paid

little), is to get all the salary he can; his next is to do as little as possible for his money. All public functionaries, when called upon for a little extra duty, expect a large extra allowance.

Note 101, page 122, line 6.

Than give us to the multitud'nous pork.

A poetical figure for "the swinish multitude," the most appropriate appellation for "the scum," "the dregs," "the rabble;" *id est, the people,* assembled in county meetings, and other constitutional aggregates.

Note 102, page 122, line 9.

Sooner than so, come fate into the field.

"Sooner than so, come fate into the lists."—*Shakespeare.*

Now-a-days there are the lists of killed and wounded, the pension list, the lists of the loan-takers, &c. &c.; but as to Shakespeare's lists (as Burke says), "the age of chivalry's gone by," and they have fallen into disuse; except among boxers, with whom they are more appropriately called "*the ring.*"

Note 103, page 125, line 8.

To save the system, this and more we'll dare.

"Perish Commerce, let the Constitution live."

These magnanimous resolutions of the Boroughmongers are apt to remind one of the Irish Jack Ketch, who, on receiving a fee from a culprit, to do the job properly, ejaculated, as he put the rope round his neck, "*long life to your honour!*"

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